

W. Mitchell Chapple's
NATIONAL
Monthly
MAGAZINE

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SPECIAL
Photo-Play Section
for Movie Fans
IN THIS NUMBER



"THE BOOK OF THE HOUR"

"An Inspiring Biography of a Real American Boy and Man"

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE
PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT
SCOTT C. BONE, Director

Mr. JOE CHAPPLE,
National Magazine, Boston, Mass.

My dear Joe Chapple:

Let me congratulate you with all my heart on your production of the timely book, "Warren G. Harding, The Man." You have handled this in a superb way, and it is going to do a world of good in making our candidate well known to his countrymen.

I hope and believe that this work of yours will have a very wide circulation and bear abundant fruit.

Very sincerely yours,

SCOTT C. BONE.

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE

RALPH V. SOLLETT
Assistant to the Chairman

19 West 44th St.,
New York City.

Mr. JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE,
National Magazine,
Boston, Mass.

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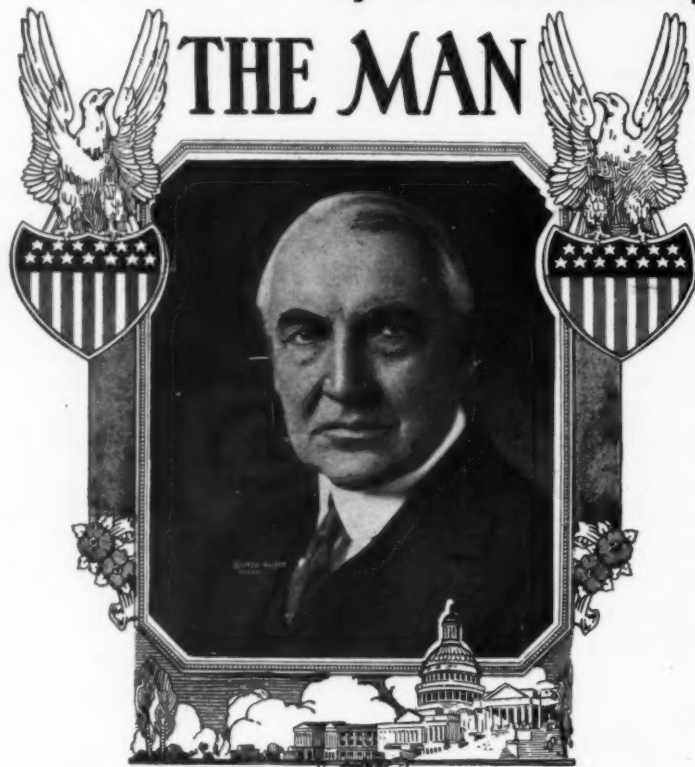
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With very cordial good wishes, I am,

Sincerely,

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WILL H. CHAPPLE, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 1st day of October, 1920.

Chas. D. M. Bishop, Notary Public.

(My commission expires June 14, 1923.)



NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly about People



Vol. XLIX

OCTOBER, 1920

New Series No. 7

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United States Senate

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Marion, Ohio

October 12, 1920.

My dear Mr. Chapple:

Your letter of October fifth came to the office during my absence on a campaign tour. It seems almost impossible to snatch a moment for correspondence which is awaiting my attention.

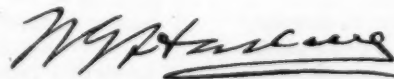
I need not tell you that I am delighted and grateful for all that you are doing in behalf of my candidacy. You must not seem excessive in your enthusiasm, because that would tend to make me out a very different person from that which I really am. You know me well enough to understand that we are just plain folks, like so many of the American people, though we do have earnest convictions and high aspirations for our common country.

There is really nothing to be excited about, because the people of the United States are going to vote very deliberately this time, and they are not going to be blinded by the chaff of the campaign. There was never a time in the Republic when there was fuller or clearer understanding of the situation on the part of the American people.

With very kindest regards, I am,

Sincerely,

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE,
National Magazine,
Boston, Mass.



WGH-M

With the presidency of the United States assured, Warren G. Harding reflects the modest and humble qualities that Lincoln manifested in his note to a friend on the eve of his re-election



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



THE greatest mental moving picture of modern times will occur in the month of November, 1920. On November 2d an assembly of thirty million voters will have had in their mind's eye, screened on the retina of their psychological optics, a picture of the White House. It is a presentiment with only one aspect of difference in various eyes, and that is the likeness of the particular man the individual desires to see entering the executive mansion. In this respect alone the complete picture varies in accordance with the differing political color of the eyes of beholders.

Anyhow, it is bound to be a real moving picture on March 4th next, for it is absolutely certain someone will have to move to make way for the new administration. With the vision of March 4th in mind comes the usual gossip respecting who will be the members of the President's official family. This will naturally introduce the new characters that will appear upon the screen in the following quadrennium.

Every moving picture must have its thrill and combat. These are staged in the political campaign. The star actors are the rival candidates wooing Columbia's favor. Every picture must also have its heavy man or "vilyun," who may well be represented by old High Cost of Living; hence whatever else is done the "vilyun" must be vanquished. Next comes the poor little waif, left on the doorsteps, known as the League of Nations. Someone will have to care for the puny foundling against the cold wintry snows of December when it will have to be brought to Capitol Hill to await disposition at the hands of the directors of the institution. Then comes the comedian, juveniles and all the rest of the cast of characters, not overlooking the inevitable vamp, with a few automobiles and slap-stick artists chasing up and down Pennsylvania Avenue, so that the "vilyun" may still pursue the mother of the lost child, while someone is sure to get a custard pie in the face.

THIS is all contributory to the gaiety of nations, to be continued in the short session of Congress, with its many extinct volcanoes still smoking, when preparations begin in earnest for the great movie day known as March the Fourth in history books.

No matter what the fates may decide on November 2, the voters thanksgiving will be proclaimed, and preparations for the great festival go on apace. There will be something all around to be thankful for, in spite of causeful grouching over prices

and labor holdups. Mince pie and turkey have become an institution in the United States on a day in November, as immutable as if concreted into the fabric of the constitution.

Election day, November 2, is also the birthday of Warren G. Harding, and voters prone to birthday greetings are not likely to forget him. It also may be remarked that Mr. Cox has a birthday as well, but that comes later.

FOUR years ago, by the dawn's early light on a November day, I found myself sending a telegram of congratulations to Charles Evans Hughes on his (fondly supposed) election as President. Before the sun had set the missive was returned to me with the grim comment by the operator, "Not delivered." I had inadvertently sent it to the White House. There was a spot where that shadow long prevailed. But the bitter experience does not diminish the stirring and delightful memory of campaign days with Charles Evans Hughes. He left the stately chambers of the Supreme Court and made one of the liveliest and most energetic political campaigns ever known up to that time. Day after day I heard him speaking with full, robust, husky voice, but always interesting. Yet somehow there were antipathies and an unhealed division in the party which made political predictions four years ago more hazardous than today. Charles



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A PASTORAL VIEW OF THE WHITE HOUSE

Showing the sheep which President and Mrs. Wilson bought to crop the grass out of the White House grounds and incidentally to decrease the cost of living by helping the meat supply. Never before in America have sheep had so exclusive a feeding ground. The famous flock has recently been sold, and the White House grounds have lost their most picturesque adornment.

Evans Hughes made a strenuous, yet chivalrous fight, and proved to be a good loser and a good sport. It at least brought him back to public life from the cloistered shades of the Supreme Court.

His face and form were familiar four years ago to all the people, and today he stands out again as one of the conspicuous



CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

One of the commanding figures of the political campaign now closing

leaders in the campaign now closed. His great analytical mind, his terse mode of expression, his decisive and cool-headed judgment, his unimpeachable integrity, all combine to give Charles Evans Hughes permanent renown among the commanding national figures of these times.

Illinois Senator a Farmer, Banker, Builder and Cool-Headed Business Man

FIVE lines in the Congressional Directory constitute the autobiography of William Brown McKinley, contributed under the rule compelling members of the national legislature to hand in the stories of their lives. This tabloid presentation of his career is indicative of the modesty of the man, a quality often characterizing persons of like strength and gentleness.

Born September 5, 1856, in Petersburg, Illinois, he received his education in the common schools and the University of Illinois, where he spent two years. He is now a resident of Champaign, the state university seat. Mr. McKinley is a farmer and a banker, but, beyond and above these occupations, he is a builder with a genius for constructive work on a large scale. To his commanding talents Illinois is indebted for a traction company that has no superior in the world.

Being a man who inspires confidence, his re-election to Congress was always just a matter of knowing William B. McKinley. His supporters for nomination as United States Senator were the people who really knew him. None could have known him without recognizing in him the calibre required for the United States Senate. Elected six times to Congress, Mr. McKinley fulfilled every requirement and was chosen over and over again as one whose sound judgment and quality of leadership meant the good of the state and the nation. His capacity for work and power of concentration, together with

his judicious and generous estimate of those associated with him, inspired confidence that increased as his record was developed.

Personally he is a soft-spoken man, but he is yet a strong fighter for his convictions. He is the type of a man who sees the finish of things and is not easily moved by passion, prejudice, or fitful impulses.

For the next six years the problems of the Senate require the cool-headed judgment of men like W. B. McKinley, with whom the public welfare is paramount to personal ambition. Those who opposed Mr. McKinley in the primaries admit without reservation his fitness for the high office sought. The business inefficiency and the general incompetency of the Democratic regime has been on his nerves for eight years. Soon after the advent of the Wilson administration he commented on the outlook in a little chat while strolling over the Capitol grounds:

"Running the government is a business proposition, and how can you expect our Democratic friends, inexperienced in the responsibility of business, efficiently to manage public business?" Mr. McKinley asked. "The South is in control," he concluded, "and Southern Congressmen have never claimed a special genius for managing business affairs. There you are—the result is inevitable."

His prophecy has been more than verified as evidenced by taxes increasing and prices dangerously fluctuating, while the overdue reduction in the cost of living is delayed by reckless extravagance, coupled with muddling of government control of essential commodities.

Whatever the results of the November balloting may be, with regard to the occupancy of the White House and the control of the Senate, there is no doubt that Illinois will have in William Brown McKinley a Senator worthy of the distinction and equal to the responsibility.

*Hark! from the Tombs
a Doleful Sound*

WHILE passing down Pennsylvania Avenue one recent afternoon, I met an old acquaintance whom I have known since my callow reportorial debut at the nation's capital. He's a Simon-pure old-time Southern gentleman, "proud as the devil" (as they used to say), punctilious to a fault, generous as the sunlight, with a predilection for mint juleps, big black Havana cigars, and old-fashioned square dances. Politics and horse-racing have been his lifetime interests. I had not met him since the suffrage victory of August, in Tennessee, and I was curious to learn how a representative of the old regime would view the present political situation.

"Well, Colonel," I asked, after we had exchanged mutual greetings, "is or isn't the country going to the dogs?"

The Colonel stroked his snow-white goatee thoughtfully. "The answer to that question, sir," he stated oracularly,



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HON. WILLIAM BROWN MCKINLEY
*United States Senator (Republican) from
Illinois*

"depends, I take it, largely upon the personal viewpoint of the person who answers it. I cannot but deplore certain present-day tendencies—in politics and social life particularly. For a little matter of three hundred years, America has been a he-man's country—miraculously free of many of the enervating vices of Europe. With the mournful exit of the Demon Rum and the triumphant entry of the lady with a vote, it has become (almost over-night) a nice ladylike community.

"In old Kentucky, sir—where, praise heaven, I was born and have always lived—we used to say that we made the finest whisky and bred the fastest horses and raised the most beautiful women on God's green earth. I yield to no man, sir, in my deference for the fair sex, but I hesitate to express an opinion as to what influence women will wield in the years to come in American politics, whether for good or ill. We know that in all the countries of Europe, where women have through all the centuries been the real power behind the thrones, political intrigue and social scandal have been the rule.

"We have been peculiarly blessed, sir, in this great and glorious country of ours in the possession of a political system that with all its evident and manifold faults has come nearer to assuring to the individual his inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness than any other system of government devised by man. We are a great nation, sir—I do not hesitate to say the greatest nation on God's footstool—and we have come to occupy that proud and enviable position among the nations of the world because of two basic reasons—first, our fortunate geographical location has enabled us to maintain an aloofness from the family quarrels of our neighbors across the seas; second, our system of government is founded upon a solemn pact entered into by a little band of men, among whom there was not one who was a politician, but who were endowed with a God-given clarity of vision that enabled them to formulate the whole science and the whole purpose of popular government in less than five hundred words.

"Frankly, sir, I hesitate to approve too many improvements to a well-nigh perfect whole. Personally I deplore the decadence of the sport of kings, the substitution as a beverage for grown men of a fluid intended by a wise Creator for the sustenance of children, puppies and kittens, and the admittance to the promiscuous precincts of the polling booth of those fair creatures whom every man of chivalrous instincts should be alert to guard from any contact with the rougher elements of humanity.

"Time alone, sir," concluded the Colonel, "can answer the question you have asked."

Capper of Kansas is Going After the Chicago Wheat Gamblers

AFTER a generation of more or less patient submittal to robbery and extortion, the farmers of the country have inaugurated a real war upon the food speculators. The head of the Illinois Agricultural Association Grain Marketing Bureau, who has been canvassing the farming districts in the West and Middle West, declares that the farmers have resolved to put the speculator out of business.

"They feel that they have reached a place where they are little better than producing serfs, at the mercy of speculators in food," he says. "They are going to correct this, not by meddling with political parties nor by forming a party of their own, but by eliminating the speculator. They are going after the ownership and control of the grain elevators of the country."

The food speculator has long since been unanimously elected to the hall of infamy, and the movement of the grain raisers suggests that more drastic action than verbal beratings now awaits him.

Very recently the country had an illuminating exhibition of how the food speculator works. A wheat brokerage firm instructed its agent to sell one hundred thousand bushels of wheat in the Chicago pit. He mistook the instructions to read one million bushels. So he sold one million bushels and

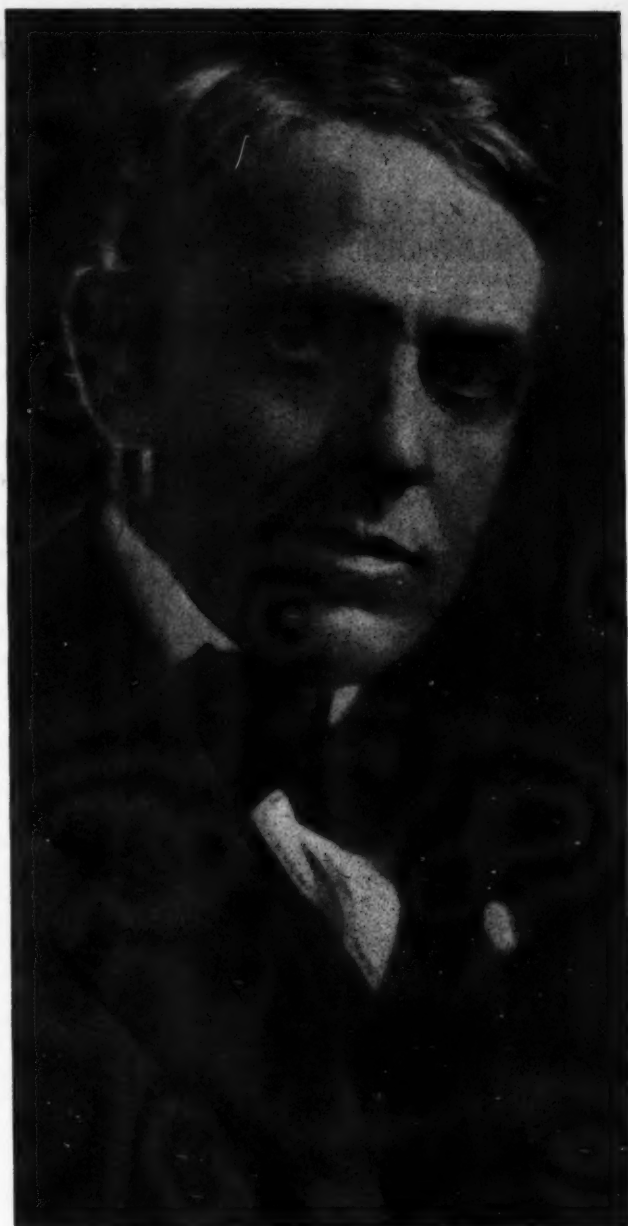


Photo by Donald Cameron Beldler

SENATOR ARTHUR CAPPER OF KANSAS

broke the wheat market and upset economic balances whose delicacy of adjustment meant much to the nation.

Senator Capper of Kansas gives warning that he is going to tackle the wheat gamblers in the next Congress—and when Arthur Capper goes after anything, he gets action. We venture to prophecy that the Chicago gamblers in wheat are in for a highly unpleasant time. In a recent speech to the farmers at Smith Center, Kansas, Senator Capper said:

"If there is anything more important than raising enough food for the people to eat, I do not know what it is, but we seem to be doing our best to drive our food raisers to the wall and entirely out of business through permitting their markets constantly to be raided and manipulated by gamblers and speculators.

"Consumers as well as producers are vitally interested in the developing of a true business system of marketing farm products and in eliminating speculation and wildly fluctuating markets, such as we are now experiencing in wheat. To this end I shall introduce a bill in the next Congress to stop gambling in futures on the big grain exchanges."

A human dynamo of Republican faith

Will H. Hays, the Organizer

By BERNEICE
GRISWOLD

A close-up glimpse of the little giant who organized the scattered forces of the G. O. P., and helped recruit millions of woman voters in a memorable campaign



NOT only a live wire but a live leader. That is the way in which Will H. Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee, is summed up by Republican women.

And women know leaders. They have not been trained in the long struggle for suffrage in vain. They refuse to follow any but real leaders and strong.

Furthermore, they have entered politics with their eyes wide open and their intuitions keen. They have been somewhat skeptical. They did not intend to get embroiled with the cartoon variety of old-time ward politician. Will H. Hays has justified their faith. He is the sort of politician that they want their sons to be. Human, fair, fearless, conscientious, sincere and constructive in his thinking.



WILL H. HAYS
Chairman of the Republican National Committee

He has dignified the meaning of the word politician for them and won their faith. Women, and men as well, have discovered politics to be a partnership affair entailing co-operative management of national affairs just as is necessary in the successful management of the home. It is Will H. Hays who has pointed this out. He thinks of the United States politically in the way a mother thinks of her home. It means to him every Republican in the country, not one group of citizens such as practical politicians any more than family, to a mother, means just one of her children. It embraces the entire group, grandparents and grandchildren included. That is the quality of leadership which wins the devotion of women—openness, frankness.

Slight, rather boyish in appearance, overflowing with boundless energy, Will H. Hays accomplishes things wherever he goes. And everyone else does too. His sincerity and honest devotion to the Republican Party inspires all around him to put forth the best efforts—and so they manage to accomplish about one-fifth of what he does in a day.

His bright brown eyes see everything that goes on, watch political developments all over the country, take in an entire situation with one swift glance. They register changes of feeling and emotion with lightning rapidity and always inspire his hearers with confidence. They are quick to reflect flashes of humor and as ready in sympathy. Whatever he does is done in a minimum amount of time and at top-notch speed, yet he always has time to be thoughtful and considerate.

The elevator stops at Republican National Headquarters. A man literally jumps off carrying an ominous looking black portfolio bulging with plans, theories and ideas for the Republican National Committee. A murmur goes through the long corridor—"The Chairman." Everyone within sight clutches pencil and paper. Orders are coming and coming fast. As he dashes along he leaves a wake of instructions apparently given post-haste but really deliberate ones, involving changes of policy and plans, perhaps of national import. And in giving these instructions he manages to inquire if young Johnny has recovered from the measles, if some one else's grandfather is in good health. He is always considerate of older people and never forgets young ones.

He remembers faces and attaches the right names to them. Remembers them at the first introduction, that is. And he mentally catalogues his information about each person that he meets. That is why his business letters are so human. He always takes time to inquire about the family or to say something which shows that he is interested in the person with whom he is communicating and with that person's life. In other words he loves "folks."

In his office he works with the same rapidity. He is one of the few people who can successfully keep five or six lines of thought going at once. He can carry on a conversation with one person, a long distance telephone call with another, read letters and sign them and give instructions to a secretary all at one and the same time. And he does not get them confused. Doing just one thing at a time is a strain for his inexhaustible energy.

His passion for not wasting a second would make him a very direct person if he were not so by nature. It is his "whole-souledness" and directness which appeals so greatly to women.

He speaks the same language that they do in regard to constructive work in the community. He appreciates new ideas. Women had had somewhat the idea that politicians might not be so enthusiastic about new ideas. Again Will H. Hays dissipated their fears and won their admiration. That is why he wanted women in the party—to contribute their ideas. Therefore, way back in September of 1918, "full suffrage having been granted to women in fifteen states, and women having the right to vote for President in practically all but the Southern and some New England states," he appointed the Republican Women's National Executive Committee to act with the Republican National Committee in planning ways and means of making certain, "the fullest possible participation by Republican women in the party's affairs."

Will H. Hays wanted women to take an active interest in Republican politics. If they could not be Republican he advised them to be Democratic, but to take their share of the responsibility of deciding national affairs. So he consistently stood by his own principles and those of the party in urging the adoption of the Nineteenth Amendment, gaining the admiration and praise of all women, particularly of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, for his sincere efforts.

Then he announced that he believed a national political campaign should be "put over" by the people of the country, not by a few women agreed. To them it seemed logical that greater interest would be shown in politics if the layman had a share in it. Will H. Hays stood for the theory that it would be better to have a small contribution from every Republican than large contributions to the campaign fund from a small number of wealthy Republicans. Women were enthusiastic and took up the idea. They are all share-holders in the Republican Party now and feel a responsibility for the actions of the party. His advisory platform and policies committee brought party decisions to the rank and file of the party.

There again is Chairman Hays' peculiar skill in making politics a personal thing with everyone and inspiring those with whom he comes in contact to work, in bringing all factions together and harmonizing the whole. He lifts people above their personal prejudices and inspires them with his own vision of politics. It is a constructive picture and unselfish. It has harmony of design. "The great power which is the spirit of America," he says, "must not tolerate any attempt to array group against group, section against section, or sect against sect. Guard against this as you would against pestilence. Mere agitation and mere motion are not progress."

He believes thoroughly in progress. He wants the Republican party to win because it deserves the support of the people of the United States. He wants women in the party because "We trust the women voters to help the Republican Party carry out its determination to require that the highest standards of health be maintained and enforced; that there is compulsory school education; that we have proper limitation of the hours of work for women and that there be an eight-hour day; that there is proper prohibition of child labor and that there shall be adopted as speedily as possible every practical principle which can further harmonize industry."

His own resources are unlimited. No matter what the emergency his ingenuity rises to the occasion and he settles the question satisfactorily to all concerned without sacrificing one of his own principles. For one thing he is optimistic. And optimism is a great asset—in politics or without. He could not work continuously as he does were it not for this optimism and his devotion to the Republican Party. He considers twenty hours quite a normal working day and ignores vacations and holidays. He thinks better on a train than anywhere else he says. Therefore, a trip with the Chairman requires a goodly supply of stenographic note-books, well-sharpened pencils and a strong right arm—or left as the case may be. When one secretary is tired out he starts in dictating to another one. Yet he himself never seems to tire. He goes over correspondence and carries on a conversation as he is driven at break-neck speed from one place to another in an automobile.

And with it all he will celebrate his forty-first birthday next month. Perhaps his heavy responsibility as Chairman of the Republican National Committee at so early an age is because he started in national politics at the age of sixteen. He attended the Republican National Convention that year and saw McKinley nominated. He voted on the day he was twenty-one and was admitted to the Indiana bar that day. He had been a precinct committeeman before he was twenty-one and had read law in his father's office in Sullivan, Sullivan County, Indiana. In 1903 he became county chairman of the Republican party. His skill in organization was instantly apparent and he was called to Indianapolis to head up the Speakers' Bureau. He was County Chairman again in 1906. Eight years later he was made State Chairman and carried the state for Hughes by 7,000 votes in 1916 when Indiana was a stronghold for Progressivism.

During the war Will Hays organized the Indiana State Council of Defense. This was a day and night job according to Hoosiers who worked with him, for he permitted no one in the state to remain unorganized. He was appointed to the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee in February, 1918, and since that time has not stopped, day or night, in his effort to make the Republican party what he wants it to be. He has organized a working force with the skill that he has always shown in organization. He goes on the theory of assimilation *versus* elimination. And it has worked. Everyone from the oldest and highest-up politicians down to office boys and the girls who file letters signed by Will H. Hays have caught his spirit. They believe in the Republican party, but above all, they believe in Will H. Hays. It spells success.

The party has not had a captain more able and more loved since it was organized at the convention in Philadelphia in 1856. He steers by a chart with only two directions—justice and right. The millions of men and women making up his crew have no fears about reaching port safely with the G. O. P. banner flying from the top of the mast while Will H. Hays is at the helm.

They have all adopted one of his mottoes—"Live and help live."

THE NOVEMBER NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Will contain an important, extremely interesting and beautifully illustrated article on Czecho-Slovakia by Mrs. Larz Anderson, whose intimate and charming studies of the various countries of Europe and the Orient, with which she is so familiar, have delighted many thousands of our readers.

Why Harding?

*Because both of what he is
not and of what he is!*

By OCTAVE THANET

HE is *not* a superman. We have had a superman in the White House who has messed up not only these United States, but the whole world. We have noticed a big supply of supermen in other countries of supermen (particularly in Germany), and they also seem to organize ruin rather than regeneration. We are—to put it mildly—fed up with supermen.

He does *not* have Vision. We have had eight years of the Vision which sees the goal of centuries, but not the road to get it. We want to see the road before we turn on the accelerator. That type of reformer or humanitarian always speeds up the car in the dark. And the rest is silence—after the smash! He is *not* an academic meteor, a maker of winged phrases. Winged phrases, like "the self-determination of peoples," for instance, have a trick of flying in the wrong direction.

He is *not* the hero of any scandal either as regards women or wealth. This assertion makes no comparison and makes no accusation, merely records thankfully that our candidate is a man of such stainless morals and life that scandal of any kind has not smirched him.

He is *not* a plunger in reform or a mystic or a temperamental genius, or a fanatic of any breed from the mire of the Bolsheviks to the boudoir of the Committee of Forty-Eight and the Rand School; but

He is *not* in the least a coward or a time-server or a tool of any interest or any power.

He is *not* an egotist; he does not believe himself the accomplice of Fate with a passport, signed by the Almighty to every realm of human action. He does *not* believe that he is a great enough man to play a lone hand with the destinies of the world at stake.

Therefore he refuses, whatever the goadings of his political opponents, to shut himself up with God and the dictionary and come out with a complete plan of how the United States may engineer and finance the millennium! He will only promise to consult the best wisdom of his country before he offers the best plan attainable to help a maddened world to safety. He believes that our first duty of rescue is to get out of the quicksands *ourselves*, and lend a board as well as a hand to the sinking.

These are some of the things which Warren Harding is *not*. Here are a few among too many to mention that he *is*

He is a dignified gentlemen, born of parents respected in the community and of forbears well respected and loved as are they; he is the descendant of generations of good citizens who worked in peace and died in war for their country. He and his wife will be equal to any social or political or moral demand of the great office which his country will offer him on the second of next November.

He is—nor is this less than a vital gift—a man of tact. In his case, as in the case of Mrs. Harding, the tact is twins, compound of a wide knowledge of the world and of a most genuine and sympathetic kindness of nature. Because he is a truly modest man whom his townspeople had to push and to prod into standing for the Legislature in the beginning of his career, he will get the biggest men of his party into his cabinet; and because of his tact and sympathy he will not alienate them, but will win their hearts and their respect as he has won the love and honor of the town where he has (Continued on page 331)



ALICE FRENCH (OCTAVE THANET)

The brilliant and well-loved novelist. Born and educated in Andover, Mass., a Mayflower descendant, a westerner by adoption, and a patriot and warrior with word, pen and deeds in the cause of true Americanism

*Home life in a country town***Boyhood Days of Harding***Presidential candidate as a boy milked the cows, played in the band and chewed tobacco in school*

WHEN I think of Warren G. Harding, the man, I love to recall those rollicking tales related of his boyhood—just the average small-town-farmer-boy career. The "moving to town" was an event—and the hay rack served as the van. Then came the days and nights too, to do chores, for even in the city, there was the doctor's horse and the cow, and school days succeeded happy vacation hours. He was early recognized by associates as a careful leader. He did not venture far out in Whelstone Creek until he knew he could swim. He had his jean trousers and his gingham shirt dipped and tied in a knot while in swimming as others had before him.

And he untied the knots.

He played Indian and Pan Pan Pullaway and played hard, but there was always a feeling among teachers that "Doc," as he was nicknamed, would pull through the examinations, although he could not be called the "model boy" in school. He loved to speak pieces, and his Patrick Henry's "Give Me Liberty Or Give Me Death" was at least concluded with the graceful bow then taught in schools. These eventful years from four to sixteen—milking the cows, working in the fields, painting fences, keeping the wood box filled—although not perhaps discerned at the time, is where a life career is often determined. Rather shy, big and awkward, Warren Harding was known as a serious boy with an inclination to write essays, with a flight to "poetry." He poured over encyclopedias now and then, to drink deep of the biography of his favorite Napoleon and Alexander Hamilton. In order to get his essays in type, he was ambitious to become a printer. Perched on a stool, he soon learned the case in the Caledonia *Enterprise* office. He quickly learned the printer's case, and the glory of Gutenberg was upon him when he had the privilege of "throwing in pi," that is, distributing back into the boxes the jumbled mass of type that had fallen "off its feet." Caledonia had a brass band, a real cornet band, and young Harding played an alto horn, and learned that "after beats" were as important as the slip horn or solo trombone. That excursion of the new band to Chicago, upon the occasion of the opening of the Erie Railroad, with \$2.40 expense money, was an event in the young life of the solo alto player of the Caledonia Cornet Band, who sweltered in a helmet somewhat large for him. What is life in a country town without "belonging to the band?" James Whitcomb Riley has preserved for posterity the scenes and emotions of American boyhood in the stirring seventies and eighties. Here was a "Jim" that had even made an "editor out o' him."

In those early days young Harding acquired the Ohio habit of being "elected." His biography today is a series of "elections." Yes, there may have been the days when he learned to smoke and chew tobacco, craving the solace offered philosophers and poets in their creative moods. The literary society, debates, amateur dramatics, in fact, all activities included the services of the quiet, but ever-ready American lad. The visitor upon arrival in Caledonia now hears the succession of stories of the candidate, portrayed by John T. McCutcheon in his cartoon. The same episodes that re-occur in Tarkington's "Edgar" show that boys are just boys. If the man is but a grown-up boy, it is natural that we should find in these boyhood characteristics

the key of real manhood, revealed later when stilted biographical sketches of later life activities and achievements are printed.

In these days of youth were the struggles that brought out the real stuff of the boy. Young Warren had made a trip to the circus at Marion, and had been there with "the band." But to live in the county seat, where the big stone court house was located, and where the railroads were all junctionized, looked like the strategical point for a real future. On to Marion, was the exhilarating vision of Dr. Harding and his wife and family of children in the early eighties. But Marion was only a small radius for Dr. Warren and his practice. The rugged life of the kindly country doctor, responding to calls night and day, travelling over muddy roads in all kinds of weather was a picture of pioneer struggle. Then came the loss of the little son Charles, four years of age, of the dread malaria, while the father was



WARREN G. HARDING
At the age of twenty-six

out attending other children. What this father and his wife have done emphasizes that the family unit is the bulwark of the nation's strength.

There were tears in the eyes of the girls on leaving the childhood home. Marion then seemed far away. Little groups of the chums gathered, and in brusque boy fashion bade "Doc,"

which was the Caledonia nickname for Warren Harding, goodbye, with a look of disgust at the tearful girls, with pledges to continue to keep the secrets of the "Stunners" sacred and to smash the "Chain Gang," the rival organization, at first chance.



SITE OF THE BIRTHPLACE OF WARREN G. HARDING
(Election day is his birthday)

Then they whispered confidentially that they would let him know if the girls were planning one of those deaf and dumb "surprise parties" where they served lady-fingers and salad.

Boyhood ties were broken—but boyhood memories remained.

These were the days when Caledonia boasted of eight hundred population and proved it by the census. Now it is six hundred, but there are some pessimists left who insist this is too high. There are fine, brick houses, and it is a real "home town." The history of all the famous men who have gone from the town cluster about high school traditions. They will insist upon telling the story of how the teacher thought she discovered Warren Harding with a chew of tobacco in his mouth.

"Warren, come to the desk!" she ordered.

He responded promptly, and while marching up slipped the quid from his mouth to inside his shirt. A mouth inspection was made, but no tobacco was found.

"The other boys would have swallowed it, but Warren always was smart," was the comment of an old school chum.

There is also the romance of the "Stunners" trying their first smoke of corn silk, and later bravely trying grandfather's pipe, distributing puffs like bites of an apple.

"We all laid quiet on the cellar floor, but Warren—he seemed to take to tobacco like a cereal food."

On the side of the road were waving fields of broom corn. My companion grew reminiscent.

"My mother bought a broom of young Harding, which he made in his father's barn. He sold a lot of them and beat out the "Chain Gang" for Fourth of July money when they sold old iron and rags.

Dr. Harding had taught his son to make brooms.

"It was always a clean sweep with Warren," said the proud father, "and you know a broom is an emblem of victory and a clean sweep."

Sitting in the terrace outside the Marble Room of the Senate one summer's day in 1918, I asked Senator Harding what message I should carry to young men and women of to-day in a Chautauqua talk.

"Impress them with the importance of thinking more of what they can do—have an objective and drive toward it. There are more opportunities under the new order of things than the old. The world is progressing, and the ideals of sound government will prevail. Keep in touch with older people—those

who have lived. You know I imbibed much of the philosophy of life from Harry Cooper, the blacksmith, at Caledonia. There was something alluring in the smell of that red blacksmith shop. And when shoeing horses Cooper could comment

like a sage, with the horse's tail swinging in his face. He was one of the men who made me think of what I could do, because he encouraged and exemplified strength with every blow on the anvil, and his life was a ringing call to the joy of honest labor."

Even now, at seventy, Cooper is the village blacksmith, whose shoulders are bent with a life of usefulness, and who insists that when little "Doc" Harding used to visit him nearly every day, he believed in boys, and he believes in them today.

"The self-made man who says nothing about it is usually a 'self-starter.' And

Warren was one of those boys that just naturally grow into a man."

It has always been a hobby of Warren G. Harding that every man should strive to make politics as clean as school and church activities. He is a member of the Trinity Baptist Church, and was planning to build a new office building on the site of the old Baptist Church on East Center Street. His friend, Dr. McAfee, the pastor, is one of the enthusiastic Harding men, and the schools of Marion have always been a matter of first consideration to the editor of the *Star*.

"Every man and woman ought to take some personal and direct interest in schools. There is where the seed is sown for future harvests in human progress," is one of his editorial utterances.

Naturally the school boys and girls of Marion are first-line rooters for Harding.

When I arrived in Marion Monday morning, after the nomination in Chicago, the big whistles in the "shovel factory" sounded for the call to work. They sounded like ocean liner whistles, announcing the approach of a big leviathan. Here is where the steam shovels were invented and made that dug the Panama Canal. In the railroad restaurant, and everywhere, were evidences of the celebration on Saturday night when the news was received. Every electric light post on East Center Street was adorned with a cluster of flags. Crude photographs were hastily posted in the windows of homes and stores. Here were the home folks among whom he had lived, and when I asked a small boy of twelve in the restaurant if he knew Mr. Harding—"Nope, I never saw Mr. Harding, but I know his doctor, I mean his father." Another lad entered whom they called "Happy," and his smiling face indicated the appropriateness of his name. Another entered whom they called "Cow." Nothing escapes the brusque and frank expressiveness of nicknames in small American cities. The girl in the ticket office told me the hotel was not far away, and that Mr. Harding was a fine man. The trains were coming in from all directions—Erie, Hocking Valley, Big Four and Pennsy., indicating that Marion will be another Canton for the pilgrimage of admirers and supporters of the candidate when the front porch campaign begins.

In walking down East Center street, the churches on one side and a school on the other impressed me with what the average American town considers first. There was the omnipresent Orpheum and moving picture houses, billboards, and all the

appurtenances that belong to the average small city. It was a hot day, and some of the housewives were rocking on the porch under the vines for a breathing-spell after the morning work. There was the old stone courthouse from which the street cars and interurban started. On the Marion County Bank was a sign saying it was founded in 1839, so that it must be understood that Marion is a city with a history. Everybody seemed to be mowing the front lawn and painters were busy, for Marion appreciated its responsibility in the coming campaign.

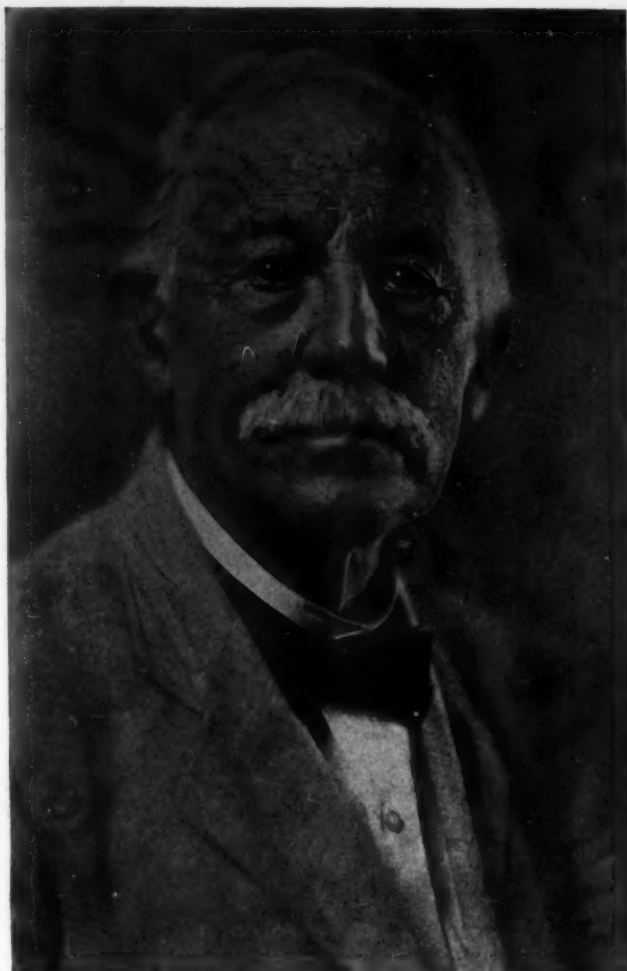
The temptation was too much, and I dropped in at the stores, to find out just what they thought of Warren Harding. One of the first men I met was Curtis, the undertaker. He announced that he had always been a Democrat, but insisted that Warren G. Harding was a "live one" and this was the year that he would vote the Republican ticket. The plumbers, the bakers, the little shoe shops and the big department stores were filled with people who were eager to talk about W. G., as he is affectionately called. Already an organization had been started by Dick Crissinger, who was twice the Democratic nominee for Congress, to organize a Harding-for-President Club that would make it practically unanimous in the Marion district. Old-time Republicans rubbed their eyes as they saw this wheel-horse Democrat at work for Harding.

On Mount Vernon Street, lined with beautiful maples, is located the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harding. They were preparing for the home-coming, and the 300 feet of porch space was being polished. It was a simple, modest, but substantial home. In the early struggles with the *Star*, Warren Harding courted and won the favor of Florence Kling. The father opposed the match and insisted that they should be married with his consent, but the young people continued right on and drew the plans for a house of their own in which to be married. In the meantime, the bride-to-be became circulation and business manager of the *Star*, and the tide soon turned towards profits to help pay off the debt and build a home.

The long-looked-for day of the wedding arrived, and in the new house, scarcely completed, a simple ceremony was performed without the presence of the bride's father, which made the young editor, Warren G. Harding and Florence Kling, man and wife. As the guests departed, they saw a picture of the young bride and groom standing in the doorway. With his arms around his wife, some of the guests now recall the expression on his face that suggested the words, "Our home, Florence," little thinking that their future home might be in the White House at Washington.



RESIDENCE OF WARREN G. HARDING AT MARION, OHIO



DR. GEORGE TYRON HARDING

Father of Warren G. Harding. Dr. Harding was seventy-six years old on the day his son was nominated for President

The distance from the High School in Caledonia, which Harding attended, to the Central Ohio College in Iberia was only seven short miles—or of easy walking distance for the long-legged farmer lad. The college no longer exists, having succumbed to institutions with larger facilities. This college, founded before the Civil War, was a famous underground railway station, pregnant with thrilling Abolition tales which have never been printed to this day. When at fifteen, young Harding appeared at this co-educational institution, he was one of only sixty students. The college was founded by the United Presbyterian Church, but it later became undenominational. Dr. Harding having the education of his children uppermost in mind, moved his family to a farm near by, where young Warren could conveniently do the milking after college hours. He gave up his college work for one term, and at the age of seventeen became a school teacher, to earn money to pay his way through college.

Young Harding in his three years at this institution maintained the traditions of school days portrayed by Tom Brown at Rugby. Although in 1910 he received the degree of Doctor of Law from this college, the one reminder which the village people point to with most pride is the door of Dr. Virtue's office painted by Warren Harding forty years ago, with pigments and craftsmanship that have withstood the ravages of time. It was good paint. All agree that Warren G. Harding could wield the gavel with greater grace than he could the paint brush.

Living on the site of the old college in a streaked knoll, is Frank Miller, an old classmate. He was a Harding delegate to the Chicago Convention and returned to the rolling green



MRS. G. T. HARDING
Mother of Warren G. Harding (died May 29, 1910)

meadows, fringed with maples, with a feeling that his old chum had at last realized some of the visions they chaffingly discussed in the moments when studies grew dull and they walked far afield.

Now came the flood of college anecdotes. Warren did not fancy chemistry as a study, but delighted in its experimental opportunities. The teacher's desk proved a living laboratory. Underneath was placed a bottle of hydrogen sulphide, which was popular because of its strong odor of addled eggs. The stopper was tied with a string attached to the drawer in the desk. This drawer when opened meant trouble. Meek and docile the chemists waited, and when the drawer was opened by the teacher everyone "just looked around" holding their offended nostrils to escape the olfactory torture. All assisted in the search, but the rotten eggs were never found to this day, for at noon the bottle was removed and the mystery remained unsolved.

The new professor was always telling the students that they were not as smart as the boys at Delaware where he formerly taught. In the geometry class one day, he remarked:

"I wish you boys would do things as they do them at Delaware."

That night Warren Harding took the challenge—he stayed up far into the morning hours studying his geometry. At the recitation the following morning he was called on and began demonstrating propositions for two solid class hours without an error until the professor fairly gasped. Young Harding just continued rolling out geometrical propositions in quick succession until he had to be stopped with a command.

"Is that as good as they do at Delaware?" asked Warren with a twinkle in his eye. The professor said: "I think it is." After that there was nothing more said about the boys at Delaware.

There were study-hour pests in those days, and Harding, while studious, was not brilliant and had to grind, so he planned with his roommate that they must rid themselves of perky Peter. The roommate was to pretend to have a fit and froth at the mouth with the aid of soap, and the pest would be left with him while Harding ran for the doctor. He was not gone long, but in the meantime the study-hour pest had received a good thrashing from the student having the fit. He never hovered about that room again, for he remembered ever after what happened during the fit.

Young Harding was early admitted to the Sons of Temperance. Although he was under age at the time, they juratrated him because of his size. The three years at college deepened the determination of young Harding to try a newspaper career and follow the impulse which had come to him when setting type in the little brick building of the *Caledonia Enterprise* which still stands in the town square. During vacations he returned to Caledonia and worked in a brickyard, a stiff job in hot weather, but young Harding was equal to the emergency and worked attired only in the lining of his trousers, for those were the days that trousers were lined, as outer and inner garments comprised the pioneer B.V.D.

There were hints of some college romance and long walks down the country road in the autumn moonlight, and sleighing parties in the tingling air of winter. Still living in this locality are some of his old college mates, some of them the co-eds that are now looking up the scrawled notes which read with classic formality, "Will you accept my company home tonight," bearing a signature that at least now has the possibility of sending out invitations to visit the White House, fulfilling the prediction of the class prophet, exercising the same right that comes to every American school and college that one day some boy of Ohio Central would be President of the United States.

They all looked at the big blushing Warren G. Harding.

Graduating from college, young Harding's eyes turned toward Marion as the "big town" to grow up in and from which to launch his "bark on the stormy seas of life"—as reads the valedictory. The railroad maps encouraged the belief that here was to be builded a great city. Always keeping in mind the interests of his growing family, Dr. Harding decided to move to this county seat. He and the mother ever remained the pals of their boys and girls. Young Warren soon decided that his star would shine in the firmament if he could work on a newspaper. He worked on a Democratic newspaper. A job secured, young Harding felt that his destiny was assured, for he was permitted to write locals and put them in type and to run the old hand-press. The father was an enthusiastic admirer of James G. Blaine, and so was his son, Warren. Those were the days of intense feeling, either for or against James G. Blaine. The editor of the *Mirror* hated the name of Blaine as poison. When he found young Harding wearing a Blaine hat, that was enough. He lost his job. The fire of determination was awakened in the youth whose dreams had been so rudely shattered. At the age of nineteen, Warren G. Harding and a brother printer bought the *Marion Star*, then a struggling newspaper, where the "ghost seldom walked" on Saturday—pay day. His father helped him, but disclaims ever having any interest, direct or indirect, in the paper, and Warren G. Harding became "Editor and Publisher" of a Blaine paper.

Now it was work in earnest. He began setting editorials directly from the case, and addressed the wrappers going to the few admiring subscribers included in the list of old friends in Caledonia—thirty miles away. The people of Marion and the farmers roundabout soon grew to admire and love the hard-working young editor in his struggles to (Continued on page 320)

Cherchez la femme

How Will Your Wife Vote?

By A. R. PARKHURST

Disturbing element of suffrage injects new equation into political problems

INTEREST in the rapidly approaching general election is divided. Hitherto all interest has centered in the opposing candidates of the two rival parties. But now the feminine equation has been thrust into the conflict, and none, not even the leaders of the two great parties, have any concrete idea as to just how the women will vote this November.

Both parties are claiming credit for having brought about the ratification of the amendment giving women the right of suffrage. But the women have very definite ideas themselves as to whom the credit is due and, unfortunately, they are keeping their own counsel, talking little, and in the vernacular of the classics, "sawing wood."

Of course, the entire nation is speculating on the outcome of the November elections. Republicans claim that it will be a walkover for Harding. Democrats are still proclaiming a Cox victory. Those women enrolled as leaders of the feminine wings of the two big parties each stoutly maintain their confidence in a landslide of feminine votes to their respective favorites. But, truth is, few know just what will happen, and there is not a leader in either party who would not give his good right arm to know just what the women will do, for all acknowledge that the women's vote in November 1920 will prove the crux of the situation.

While speculation is rife there is a way out of this maze of doubt, and this will be pointed soon. Louis K. Liggett, president of the United Drug Company, in this case, will prove the Moses who is to lead us out of the wilderness of uncertainty. Intensely interested in the political situation, Mr. Liggett has enlisted the entire weight of his vast organization in order to ascertain just who is to be the next President; by just what majority he will be elected, and, better still, just how the women of the country are to vote and in what proportion their votes will be divided between the two candidates. All this will be announced through regular news channels, and it is Mr. Liggett's purpose to make this announcement, authoritatively and accurately, at least two weeks before the November elections, and maybe sooner.

The eight thousand Rexall drug stores throughout the United States are the principal cogs in the big machine Mr. Liggett has set in motion. And this is how it will be done:

In each Rexall store two ballot boxes are to be installed, one for the men voters and the second for the women. In each store these boxes will be under the watchful eye of a ballot clerk who will see that all who enter these stores eligible to vote will cast his or her ballot for Harding or Cox. At the end of each day the vote will be counted, that of men and women cast up separately, and then the total vote for that store extended into the total column. The ballot clerk will wire the result of the vote in his store to the central point of his state, where the Rexall state secretary will add it to the figures he has received from all other stores in his state. The total figures for that state will then be wired by the state secretary to each individual Rexall store in his state, as well as wiring the same figures to

the offices of the United Drug Company where these will be included in the list of figures received at this central office from all state secretaries in the United States.

As soon as the figures from all states have been received at the Boston office of the United Drug Company, the total figures for the nation as well as the vote by states will be flashed back to each individual druggist throughout the country, who, in turn, will display these figures in his store window.

The United Drug Company, through a publicity department established especially to handle this proposition, has arranged for a nation-wide dissemination of this news each night. As soon as the figures for each day's vote has been compiled a capable writer will get up a story on the vote, showing in just what proportion to the total vote of the state that cast in the straw vote campaign has been recorded.

In addition to this another story will be released each night through all the big news agencies giving the total male and female vote each day. All the big Metropolitan dailies have asked that they be supplied with this daily service, and all the various headquarters of each political party will be similarly served. Stories also will go out each night to the state headquarters of each political party and a similar story will be released through the headquarters of the National Women's Party at Washington.

Four years ago a Rexall straw vote was conducted in the waning days of the campaign. In fact ballots were recorded but nine days. A grand total of a million votes were rolled up in these nine days.

This vote showed that President Wilson would be re-elected, and so accurate was the Rexall stores' (Continued on page 331)



A VITAL FLIRTATION—WHICH WILL SHE FAVOR?

This question will be answered before election day by the national Rexall stores' straw vote

A City That Found Its Soul

By BENNETT CHAPPLE

CITIES have souls. The difficulty is to find the great denominator of civic pride and interest that will reveal the soul.

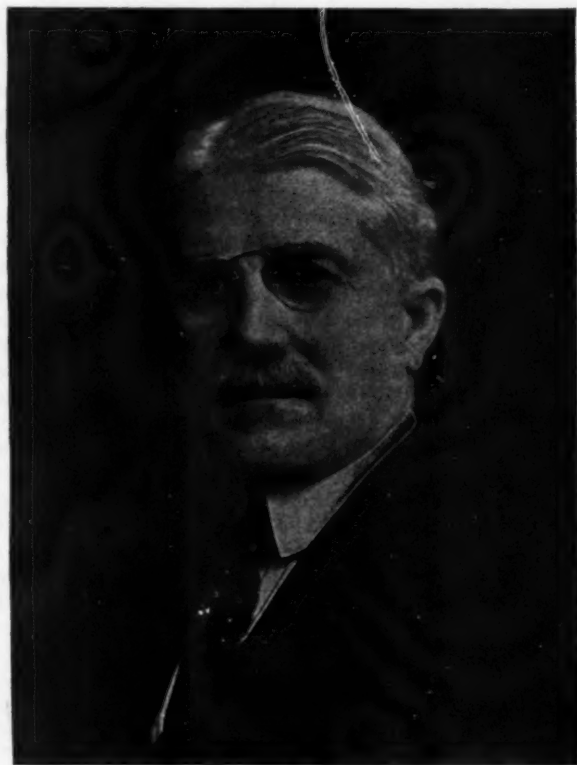
The little city of Middletown, Ohio, a place of about 25,000 inhabitants, found its soul when it decided to keep the "war machinery" which so successfully operated the "drives" for liberty loans, red cross, war savings, and kindred activities, in operation by turning its activities toward the meeting of civic needs.

The business men and manufacturers of Middletown were called together under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce, and to these "Men of Middletown" the appeal was made—that the lesson of the great war should not be lost but that it should serve as the beacon light for a "Greater and Better Middletown." The speaker was Geo. M. Verity, President of the American Rolling Mill Company. The pertinent needs of the city were outlined, the plea was made for generous giving of personal effort and of means, and for general unselfishness in support of all community problems, on the ground that civic and industrial stability is the product of human happiness, and human happiness is the result of human helpfulness.

"We raised millions for the winning of the war, why not raise a million for ourselves?" declared Mr. Verity. "Why should Middletown with all its flaunted prosperity have any neglected or worthy distressed poor when so large a portion of our citizenship is prosperous and happy and when there is work and wages for every able-bodied man? Why should there be any worthy unfortunate, human soul—man, woman or child—who does not receive proper human sympathy and real assistance when justified? Why should there be any human derelicts—worthy or unworthy—left to float in our beautiful community, to which the hand of the radical can be pointed in his justification of a program of destruction of all organized society?"

"Why wait for the hereafter to enjoy paradise and happi-

ness? Why not take the hills and valleys, the running waters, the trees, and the flowers that God has given us right here, and make these things a paradise on earth which, while preparing us for the glories of that Great Unknown, will develop all



GEORGE M. VERITY

President of the American Rolling Mills Company



Third Street, Middletown, Ohio

the finer traits of human life with which we are endowed, and when our work is done leave behind us a temple worthy of the vision and the effort of a people who worked together in a spirit of unselfish patriotism to create a city beautiful and a citizenship of exalted standards?"

Never had a city been more stirred—it brought on a series of "civic" revival meetings that rang with great fervor and a definite plan for Greater Middletown was laid down. Ten major objects were decided upon which would require one million dollars within the next two years from the citizens of the city.

It seemed a tremendous task. It meant an average of \$40 from every man, woman, and child, in Middletown. To match such a figure New York would have had to raise \$240,000,000, Detroit \$40,000,000, Cincinnati \$20,000,000. It looked—impossible.

The campaign started! Middletown set itself to the task of doing what had never before been done by a municipality. The different groups took up the work in earnest. The manufacturers met together and agreed that a (Continued on page 317)

*An American princess of usefulness***Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh—Humanitarian**

By LILIAN WHITING

Favored by crowned heads, sought by a nation's most charming society—behold a woman whose greatest joy in life is giving

IT was one of the historic moments when Queen Elizabeth of Belgium paused in her conversation with Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh, and, waving her hand to the assembled guests for silence, turned to Mrs. Walsh and said:

"I pin this decoration on you in behalf of the people of Belgium, because of your efforts to relieve the distress of humanity."

King Albert, who stood by the Queen, said:

"May every blessing be yours is the heartfelt wish of the queen and myself."

These words represented the gratitude of thousands of suffering women and children in Belgium and France to whom the marvellous work of this American woman is giving aid. For an instant Mrs. Walsh, taken by surprise, hesitated; then recovering herself, she replied, with her usual faultless grace:

"I thank your majesties for this beautiful decoration. It will always be my most cherished possession. Your people and your country—beautiful Belgium—have a warm place in my heart because of the happy days spent there in the past. I am glad to welcome your majesties to America, and am proud, very proud, to have you in my home. I pray your journey back to Belgium may be a safe and pleasant one, and I hope you may return and make us a longer visit."

The occasion was the dinner given in honor of the King and Queen of Belgium by the Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall (representing the President, who was too ill to receive the visiting royalties), and for which entertainment Mrs. Walsh opened the magnificent resources of her great house in Washington inviting her friends (the Marshalls) to use it as their own. The famous gold plate of the Walsh's, the rare *Setres*, the Venetian crystal, a wealth of flowers, all contributed to the entrancing interior. These apartments were especially designed for great entertainments—salons, dining-room with the oval mahogany table seating forty guests; music-room, with the pipe organ built in, and the wonderful cabinet of minerals selected by Mr. Walsh and lighted by interior

electric lights; the conservatory—all were thrown open, *en suite*, at the disposal of the Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall for their entertainment of the royal guests. There was poetic fitness in this, quite aside from the beautiful resources thus offered. For the story of "Mrs. Walsh's War Work" is something to live in the history of humanity; and that the royal head of the kingdom for whose destitute people she is doing this unprecedented work, should be brought, by the unseen magnetism of circumstances, into the home where the work was being carried on is one of the beautiful things in this mosaic of our human life.

As is well known, Thomas F. Walsh, one of the notable experts in metallurgy and a great capitalist, passed into the life more abundant some years ago, leaving Mrs. Walsh alone in this palace of a house, their only daughter being already established in her married home in Washington. Mr. Walsh was not only one of the great capitalists, but also one of the great

benefactors of Colorado in the development of the state. He organized industrial conditions for his employes in a manner to initiate a new era in labor; he was commissioned to represent President McKinley at the Paris Exposition of 1900, and so eminent were his services as to attract the special attention of the French government. All this would make a story of itself, but I must turn to the fascinating pages of Mrs. Walsh's work. Is it a natural result of the influences of her refined and lovely mother, Mrs. Reed, whose life was a benediction? The Recording Angel alone knows the beauty and beneficent sweetness of the life of Mrs. Reed; one could not write of this great international work of her daughter, Mrs. Walsh, without one word of reverent remembrance of herself. But now to our story.

"Even in a palace life may be well lived," said Marcus Aurelius. The line recurs to one's memory when seeing the use Mrs. Walsh is making of her beautiful home. The first floor was especially designed for great entertainments, while on the floor above there are a small dining-room, kitchen, etc., together with the living-room which is half a library, too, for Mrs. Walsh lives surrounded by books; with also the enchanting rose drawing room,



MRS. THOMAS F. WALSH

and with Mrs. Walsh's own morning room, and suites of guest rooms. The grand staircase, with a group of sculptured figures on the first landing, is surrounded on three floors by galleries out of which open the private suites of rooms. All family living, with the usual house guests, are thus provided for apart from the magnificence of the first floor; so it was there that Mrs. Walsh enthroned her work. Much of the choice art and other furnishings were removed; panels painted by noted European artists were covered, and in the reception room were installed four knitting-machines (on any one of which a man's sweater could be knit within twenty minutes), a long table bore small stocking-knitting machines; eighteen sewing machines, run by motor power, each with its own special electric light, shaded for work, were installed in the salon; the dining-room table, around which princes and diplomats and famous people of all orders had gathered, was utilized for cutting out the garments; a laundry and a dyeing plant were established in the basement; a staff of sewing women engaged; and their work supplemented by that of society women who drop in—ladies of the *Corps Diplomatique*, of the Cabinet, of society in general, from matron to *debutante*. The garments for women and children (up to the age of fifteen) lie about in piles, hundreds of them sent in each consignment every few months. Madame Jusserand, the French Ambassador, took over a large consignment for personal distribution; the Salvation Army receive and distribute consignments. These garments include everything for indoor and out-of-door wear for the destitute women and children. Scraps of velvet and silk are ingeniously combined, sometimes with a touch of some cast-off fur, to make hoods for the women, which are so pretty as well as comfortable that the society girls laughingly petition to carry them off. Dresses for all ages; wraps, caps, skirts, stockings; comforters for bed or cradle; sweaters for infants, up to the grown-up; how can one mention all? Now a special point is this: Mrs. Walsh solicits cast-off garments of all kinds of men's and women's wear, and the ingenuity with which every scrap is utilized is a marvel. The legs of long silk stockings make infants' sweaters; the arms of women's long kid gloves line jackets for aviators; men's silk or cotton shirts make frocks for children; not even a faded necktie is wasted, for it can be dyed and made into a butterfly bow to ornament some little garment. The laundry to cleanse; the dyeing plant to produce any color, render every contribution available. Manufacturers send to Mrs. Walsh much material of odds and ends, or of bolts of cloth in which some imperfection unfits it for the market, though practically just as good for use; little jackets and caps are made from the manufacturers' samples. The ingenious conservation of material is a marvel. Mrs. Walsh does not cease her good work even now that the war is over.

The war may be over, but the destitution remains; and she plans to keep it up for many years to come. Need one point the moral of this tale? There is something suggestive of the

new and fairer civilization to which the world is tending; of the higher divineness of life which we all hold as ideal, in seeing a woman whose personal charm and accomplishments open to her every door of the loveliness of life; whose wealth would insure her leisure and all resources for travel and society—to see such a woman devote herself largely to work that can only be called that of the kingdom of heaven. By seven in the morning Mrs. Walsh is astir; her personal devotions, her light breakfast, a glance at the morning paper, and by eight she is enveloped in her white apron and downstairs cutting out and planning the details of her work. To see her daily life from day to day, the generous consideration, the exquisite dignity, the perfect mingling of gentle firmness and purpose with which Carrie Reed Walsh conducts her household, is a priceless lesson in life.

Well shows the gentle lady's mien
That courts and cities she has seen.

Mrs. Walsh does not abandon the duties and privileges of her position; she is no fanatic, and she combines her social sway, her passion for reading, her devotion to music, her love for all that is finest in art and in society, with the conducting of this remarkable philanthropy. Now that women vote, Mrs. Walsh was at once called to be the chairman of the women's Democratic committee, and to lead in other political activities; she attended the convention in San Francisco, inviting the Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall (old and intimate friends) to be her guests. The great ball, last year, for the benefit of the Fund for the Washington police, was financed by Mrs. Walsh, whose box was a social center of continuous receptions. In her black gown embroidered in gold, wearing her famous diamonds, doing the same honor to the occasion that she might have offered to any European court, she seemed to embody a beautiful ideal of womanhood—the combination of all social elegances with the noble and generous helpfulness to humanity—a combination that realizes one's ideal of the Christian gentlewoman. On Christmas she entertained one thousand children of the police, at Wardman's Inn, in Washington, with a magnificently decorated Christmas tree, giving out the presents with her own hands. She had also caused to be arranged pantomimes, story-telling and various things to make resplendent for the children that Christmas day.

There needs no *apologia* for writing even so personal a sketch of a lady who (happily) is in the midst of our present life. For the beauty and charm that such an example, even an example so unconscious to herself as that of Mrs. Walsh, lends to the art of living, cannot be defined; it is as a light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day, and makes all the world the richer and the happier.

Blessing she is; God made her so;
And deeds of weekday holiness
Fall from her, noiseless as the snow;
Nor hath she ever learned to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

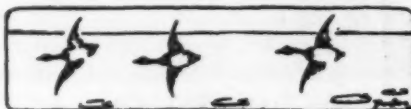
IN THE FALL

by MAITLAND LEROY OSBORNE

YOU can hear the partridge drumming
In the Fall;
And the wild bees' drowsy humming
In the Fall;
Then Jack Frost, with elfin touches
Of his magic hues and brushes,
Will suffuse the leaves with blushes
In the Fall.

The stars shine brighter, clearer,
In the Fall;
As the Ice King's reign draws nearer,
In the Fall.
Then will come the kitchen dances,
Where for kisses there'll be chances:
'Round some girl you'll weave sweet fancies
In the Fall.

The grain hangs ripe for shocking
In the Fall;
You can see the wild geese flocking
In the Fall.
Then the evenings will grow longer,
And the old folks will be fonder
Of the cosy kitchen corner,
In the Fall.



Where sincerity clamps the hearty handshake

On Warren G. Harding's Front Porch

Where little girls bring their dolls—where mothers bring their knitting—where the voice of the plain people echoes in the words of the Republican candidate

MEMORIES of the 1920 campaign already bring to mind pictures of a porch campaign at Marion, Ohio, that reflect the real home spirit of the Harding administration. Immediately after the nomination this busy little city prepared for visitors. The home-coming itself, in July, was a red-letter day. The greeting by Mr. D. R. Crissinger, an old boyhood chum, and a Democrat of long standing, was one of those neighborly talks that recalled the Lincoln and McKinley campaigns. The later addresses by men of note and distinction, discussing the issues of the campaign, caught the keynote of the campaign from the simple speech of Dick Crissinger.

The front lawn was covered with gravel. There are those who still remember the greensward at Canton worn away by the feet of thousands of visitors. The approach to the home on Mount Vernon Avenue was adorned by white pillars which pointed the way to strangers. The hundreds of delegations and thousands of visitors who have passed this way include every walk in life of American activities. Day after day, rain or shine, a throng of American people have stood guard early and late, waiting for a chance to greet Warren G. Harding. Far up and down the street the automobiles were lined up waiting their turn. Tourists included Marion in their itinerary and just "dropped in" like veritable showers. There was no fence; and the curb was lined with boys and girls sitting in the shadows of the old maples waiting for a smile and greeting from the man they knew was their friend.

Through it all there was no halo of artificiality, but the simplicity and sweetness of home life. Across the street the can-



Senator and Mrs. Harding hold a reception for their young neighbors

didate would often go bareheaded to help along with the reception, grasping the hands outstretched from automobiles as they passed. The front porch, covering the corner of the house, was never without an occupant. Little girls came with their dolls, and neighbors came with their knitting. The picture of Mrs. Harding holding babies and the Senator looking gravely on with a fatherly look confirmed his oft-repeated expression, "I would rather have a house full of kiddies than anything else in the world."

Weekdays and Sundays the crowd still remained, and whether off to church or on a campaign tour they were always there to bid him welcome or Godspeed. The same automobile that brought him from Washington was kept busy carrying the friends to and fro. The artists were there, hoping for a sitting. Howard Chandler Christy even went to church to catch a glimpse of Harding in repose. In George Christian's home a few feet away the business of the campaign was carried on. There were campaign buttons and speeches carried away as souvenirs. The dining-room was adorned, with the old campaign print of John C. Fremont, the pathfinder, used in the first presidential campaign ever conducted by a Republican party. Upstairs, downstairs, everywhere was the click of the typewriter dispatching answers to the bushels of mail received every day. Adjoining this was a small bedroom which served as the office of the candidate. A plain, flat desk, bare floors, in surroundings as simple as those of an editorial office, Senator Harding corrected proofs and worked steadily at his desk every moment that he could steal away from visitors. Under the old apple trees in the rear a new special building was provided for the newspaper correspondents where they slept, watched, and waited to report almost every word and act of the candidate who lived under their keen eyes.

Not until the golden October days did Senator Harding leave his home for any extended tour. When he departed the boys



The neighborhood babies always enjoy a visit with Mrs. Harding



Mrs. Harding is always "at home" with the folks who come from far and near

were there with apples and nuts as a basket offering to see that he might have something on the train to remind him of home. Frequent visits to Marion during the porch campaign found Warren Harding just the same thoughtful and well-poised person as in the day when he was twenty-six and had his picture taken on November second, with a new-style stand-up collar.

There was no halo of added importance perceptible to the keenest observer. It was the same Warren Harding whom the people of Marion greeted when he received his first political honors.

"He wears honors well," said an old citizen with a twinkle in his eye as he followed the Senator's long strides down the walk. "Do you wonder that Marion feels unanimous these days?"

Speech after speech running into hundreds of thousands of words was prepared and delivered at home. The advance copies were sent far and wide, for every word was weighed and scrutinized for subtle shades of meaning. But the simple directness of his language under all the stress and pressure never wavered in thought or word. Think of it—every utterance was recorded as if he were living in an atmosphere of some phonograph receiver. There were only a few occasions when he escaped the relentless stenographic record. One day he slipped across the way to talk to some boys from his old home, Caledonia. They had organized a brass band and were going to try out their first quick step for public performance on the unsuspecting candidate. He listened while memories came surging back of the slip horn and solo alto and when his band won the third prize in a contest where only a few of the faithful had remained, the rest of the band having left feeling that it was hopeless to enter a contest against the big city fellows. With a dreamy look in his eye he began one of the most notable speeches of the campaign. Someone felt it coming, and a stenographer in the crowd took notes on the back of envelopes supplied by others close at hand and preserved this address. It might be appropriately entitled "As I See It." It was not sent out to the newspapers, as it was thought to be only an impromptu greeting as if talking to neighbors over the fence as they stopped for a chat on the "road to town." It rings with a simplicity that is Lincolnian, and is worthy a place in the records of a memorable porch campaign.

Addressing the group as "My friends," Senator Harding said:

I appreciate deeply your coming here to see me. I assume that your coming is in large part due to the fact that I am a candidate for the presidency. It is because I feel more deeply about it every day that I want to tell you, American citizens, and through you as many Americans as possible, my ideas of the responsibilities of a candidate for the highest office the people can bestow. The first of these

responsibilities I have borne in mind and I will continue to preserve it. It arises from the fact that my duty as a candidate, before election, compels me to put higher even than obligation to a great and wise and growing political party, my obligations to all Americans.

I have said to myself, "You owe it to the citizens of America to preserve the attitude and the mind of one who serves as well as he can."

As I see it, I owe it to the men and women of America to guard against all pretense.

As I see it, I owe it to them to state fully and clearly my beliefs with all the sincerity there is in me.

As I see it, I must not, as I seek to gain votes for my party, yield to the temptation which often comes to men who are candidates, to make false appeals, and appeals which, though they might be successful at the moment, do not serve truth or do not meet the requirements of our national dignity.

As I see it, I must not drag the attention of the American people into the mire when it is their whole-hearted desire that their attention should be centered upon the problems which we all wish to face bravely and wisely and together.

As I see it, I must concentrate my attention upon construction and not upon abuse.

As I see it, I must be patient and tolerant with those Americans who differ with me.

As I see it, I must assume an attitude which is firm, but is ever listening to the voice of the people and ever watchful to preserve our constitutional rights to representative government, rather than government by propaganda and executive powers.

Every citizen must realize that America wants deeds rather than words and that the proper solution of pressing problems is more important than appeal for momentary favor.

As I see it, I must remember, as I have remembered today, to address myself to the whole of the American people and to keep close to my heart as well as to my head, the interest of the whole of the American people.

As I see it, if I were to stoop to insincerity, to mere clamor, to political expediency, to appeals to special classes, I would be failing in that purpose which I trust shall always be mine, not my own interest, not even the interest of my party first, but America first!

If there ever was a true exemplification of the spirit of the "house by the side of the road," it was at the home of Warren G. Harding during the campaign of 1920. The dominant thought early and late was the ideal of friendship to man. There were none who passed that way who will ever forget the kindly greeting and sincere wholesomeness of the man who could well repeat the lines of Sam Walter Foss's great poem with sincerity and truth. With all the glowing vision of the White House one could almost feel the lips of Warren Harding repeating day by day reverently and earnestly the words.

Let me live in the house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.



Playing on the ground at the Harding home

The spotlight on the film-fan

The Pulse of the Movie Public

By NASH A. NALL

Wherein we find an enigma that baffles Mr. Nall—When the devotees of the silent art split fifty-fifty on the cheers and hisses

GEORGE WASHINGTON himself, provided he were able to interpret this movie business for Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple, would arrive at the same conclusion as the writer with reference to the pulse of the movie public during the past month. To remove the haze that our unwarranted historical reference may have caused and to come back to earth, we mean to say that the most truthful man in history would substantiate our opinion so far as the likes and dislikes of the movie public during the thirty days past is concerned. The pulse was irregular; it raced and it lagged, it beat its unmissed accents of acclamation and then dropped into an intricate tempo of some-do-and-some-don't, to wind up with a syncopated movement that defied interpretation.

Especially with regard to our originally-coined "some-do-and-some-don't" illusion do we want to clarify matters. This phrase in its broader and bigger sense could apply to almost anything. The President could use it as an alibi for the League of Nations—the heartbroken playwright could use it as a justification for the critics' trouncing, Irving Berlin could use it as the title for a song, they could paint it on the Ouija boards. So, as we said before, "Some-Do-and-Some-Don't" could mean almost anything except a good advertisement for cathartic pills. But in its specific meaning, and as we are especially anxious to have it understood, it means the Goldwyn company's "Earthbound," and nothing else.

It was with the most diligent care that we diagnosed the case and took the pulse of the public on "Earthbound." First, it was shown at the Astor Theatre, in New York City. So far as the length of its run was concerned, it might be termed a fair success. So far as the newspaper reviews went, it seemed to be a whirlwind, which in the dictionary of the show business means amazingly gratifying. Then the Goldwyn management removed it from the Astor Theatre and placed it in the big Capitol, where the world's largest and most beautiful picture house put it to the test of the great public. It is here that the writer must explain and perhaps apologize. At any rate, the test fell flat. The litmus-paper curled up and over on its side and effervesced into a razy horse laugh. The sulphuric acid instead of answering positive, transformed itself into red soda-pop, and the stirring rod did a disgraceful muscle dance. It was heart-breaking. The feelings of the official tester could only be compared to those of the small boy who thought he was eating jam and who later discovered he had been eating red vaseline.

For instance, ask the average movie fan what he thought of "Earthbound," and he might reply:

"Fine. Positively one of the greatest pictures I ever saw. Something you see once in a lifetime. It's powerful. It was a terribly hard story to handle, and think how well they put the message across. It's the most commendable thing the screen can claim. It gives you something to think about. It's a knockout."

On the other hand, ask another average movie fan what he thought of "Earthbound," and he would, ten chances out of eleven, say:

"Terrible—positively the most tiresome and boresome thing I ever had to sit through in my life. The next time they make a picture like that they can eliminate my dime from the prospective gross."

Continuing, he might say:

"Every act and every bit of action in the entire film was too slow. If a character was supposed to open a door and enter upon the scene, it looked as though about three times as much time was required to do this in "Earthbound" as in the average movie. The whole picture impressed me as a celluloid trance. It never came to life.

There seems to be no doubt whatever but that it will make a great deal more money for Mr. Griffith than his initial movie history-making film.

Popular sentiment has it that Griffith has accomplished the impossible in this production. And when one considers what marvelous action and dramatic tensy it must take to make a sophisticated, super-critical, hard-boiled New York audience stand and cheer a celluloid hero, it is not hard to discover the reason for the unprecedented flood of praise and patronage that has attended this wonder film.

Announcing "ANNABEL LEE"

Olive M. Briggs'

Fictionization of the Initial
Heart Throbs Production
from the Story by

ARTHUR M. BRIANT
WILLIAM J. SCULLY
JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE
PAUL M. SARAZAN

Next Month's
NATIONAL

It was always floating in the clouds. Once in a while one of Basil King's epigrammatic subtitles caught the eye.

"Yet, there is a justification. This production took for its theme the story of life after death. It could rightfully claim that its slow movement was justified by the nature of the subject with which it dealt. Some of my friends claim it is great. I can't see it that way. Maybe it's me, maybe it's my friends, or maybe it's the picture. Anyway, I can't find any two people who agree on it."

So that's the way "Earthbound" goes. Movie fans say one of two things. Either it is splendid or terrible. The writer isn't going to express an opinion. He's not supposed to, and for once in his life he is glad of it.

But the pulse was normal and unmistakable on "Way Down East," D. W. Griffith's latest production, made for and by his own company, and which literally charmed the thousands who witnessed premier showings at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre. The only matter of doubt, according to the public, is whether or not Griffith has excelled himself. There are those who claim that "Way Down East" is even better and more entertaining than "The Birth of a Nation."

Hugo Reisenfeld, upon whom the Paramount Company places so much responsibility for the appropriate setting and presentation of its various screen plays, needed to devise no introductory prologue or atmosphere for the presentation of "The Restless Sex," in which Marion Davies is starred at the Criterion Theatre. The atmosphere was there. And it was the odor of French bon-bons, lace silk stockings and all sorts of femininity from the girl who chops the tickets at the Hoboken ferry to the lass whose honor it is to wait on such screen stars as Jack O'Brien, Ernest Hillard and Dick Barthelmess at Hotel Claridge. The title literally got 'em. That "The Restless Sex" is a great success is no puzzle. It's the proposition of giving the goils a feast for the eye. For instance, Susie, who earns a weekly stipend for opening the office's mail (she is not paid for reading the personal letters, however) can doze for at least six days of the week following the day on which she has seen "The Restless Sex," living over the moments of luxury, lingerie, telephones enclosed in doll houses, and heroines who bite heroes on the legs. Not that any such scenes are included in "The Restless Sex"; what we mentioned is merely a short synopsis of a business day-dream enjoyed by the average "Susie" who has absorbed six reels of "The Restless Sex."

Probably as a result of an unusual story—at least in one particular feature—Douglas MacLean and Doris May in "The Jailbird" seemed to strike audiences right. Fancy the notorious safe-cracker who was so honest that he returned to jail, following an escape and an escapade in which he became wealthy and fell in love. This was only one of the miracles that occurred in the picture. Another incident shows how an oil gusher was accidentally struck. Then, again, we are shown the country girl who fell in love and promised to marry the nice, good-looking, young jailbird without even asking for either a bank or a Sunday-school reference. As we said before, "The Jailbird" is strikingly unusual. Perhaps this is the reason why it was so well received.

James Oliver Curwood again came to the front this month with his "Nomads of the North," which was well received at the initial presentation at the New York Strand Theatre. Made up chiefly of the ingredients of woodland scenic beauty, splendid acting on the part of Louis Stone, a story that holds its interest well and some spectacular forest-fire effects, this film struck an unquestionable note of strong popularity in the minds of New York picture fans.

A man with a mighty big job

Looking Like a Million Dollars

By JACK WHITE

Louis Stearns, portraying the role of the colonel in "Annabel Lee," must be a millionaire eighteen out of every twenty-four hours—and the result

AS long as print paper, typewriters, and high school graduates are manufactured, there shall be a plenty and more written about the influence of the motion-picture industry. Undoubtedly this chosen theme will be good for at least fifty years more, and at the end of another like period will probably be revived. At any rate, the most tolerant movie public has smilingly suffered the mountain of literature written about and at the results brought about through the picture show and its sponsors. And the worst part of it all is that the public will have to bear another burden, because this article has to do with the influence of the picture business. But, in this case, it is not an involved subject nor one that must be absorbed while the mind is fresh. It's simply the story of what the picture business has brought to one man. And his name is Louis Stearns.

Let it be placed immediately on record that the movie fan who doesn't know Louis Stearns ought not to be classified as such. For, to a certainty, such a movie fan has evidently derived his knowledge of the cinema world and its peoples through reading the divorce news of the Chaplins, the marriage notes of the Fairbanks, Marguerite Clark's secrets of youth, or William Hart's advice as to how to fire a gun and scowl at the same time. In other words, this calibre of movie fan is not thorough in his knowledge of the subject. He's not dyed-in-the-wool. The truth about the matter is that a little general information accidentally spattered on him. What we're driving at is to merely say that the so-called movie fan who only knows "the big four" (incidentally, we think this is the most ridiculous title ever coined) surely has missed considerable over ninety-nine per cent of the pleasure of being a movie fan.

But this story is about Louis Stearns and what the movies did to him. And the long and the short of it is that the movies have made Mr. Stearns a millionaire in every way except the trifling matter of really having the cold cash in the bank. No matter how he starts the picture (perhaps as the laboring Ghetto father, perhaps as the Russian seeking a living and relief of persecution in the new land) Lou Stearns always is worth a million by the time the fade-away is due.

It's really a most unusual sensation. Due to the fact that Stearns is working in various parts in various pictures most of the day and night, his whole life has practically been turned into the comparatively wretched thing of acting like a millionaire. As a matter of fact, Stearns is only himself when he is eating and sleeping—the rest

of the time he is working and doing his best to act like a million dollars.

Consider, kind reader, what might happen to your mental balance if you left your New York apartment at eight in the morning; at nine arrived at the studio, and until almost midnight did what a millionaire might do. And the most striking feature is that in order to make it absolutely clear to the public that he is a real, honest-to-goodness millionaire, Stearns is called upon not to indulge in the simple, modest methods of millionaires, but to have the best—eat the best, dress the best, and indulge in the most luxurious life that can be scraped from the brain of the imaginative script writer.

Now, one day of acting like a millionaire might not have its effect. One day of life is easy to forget. After two weeks, the average person who had acted like a millionaire for eighteen hours at a stretch would perhaps begin to forget about that remarkable day. But think it over. What if you had to be a millionaire eighteen hours every day for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. And Lou Stearns has been in the movies ever since you felt aggrieved when they raised admission prices to a dime.

To get back to the point from which we started—what has this constant life of the millionaire done for Lou Stearns? The answer, in terms of dollars and cents, bears every earmark of a most successful career. It has also brought him fame. But perhaps the most striking result can only be perceived through psychology. To illuminate this rather odd and hard-to-understand preceding statement, the picture life Mr. Stearns has been leading has really imbued him with the general appearance and characteristics of a man of infinite wealth, and the effect of this quality in the man on the people with whom he is connected is marked.

Undoubtedly, such an odd situation will strike the average reader as being almost impossible—perhaps more beyond the bounds of reason. Why should a man who merely acts like a millionaire the majority of his life be taken for a *real* millionaire? And even if he allows himself to live under that impression, how in the world are other people to know that he is anything more than an average human being?

But that is just the point. In the first place, the general makeup and facial expression of Louis Stearns is that of the successful business man. Primarily this is the reason for his being chosen to portray just such a part. In the second place, when he is on location and in and around the various hotels where the various companies in which he works make their respective headquarters, Mr. Stearns is usually dressed for his part in the particular picture in which he is working and consequently he generally looks like a millionaire.

An interesting incident is recalled concerning Mr. Stearns' impressive appearance. It was during the making of "Annabel Lee," in which Miss Lorraine Harding is starred in the initial Heart Throbs production. The Heart Throbs Company was registered at a quaint hotel in Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts. On a certain Sunday morning he wore his frock coat, equipped himself with his (Continued on page 310)



LOUIS STEARNS

A millionaire for eighteen out of every twenty-four hours

You can't beat the best

On Location with "Annabel Lee"

By STEWART
ARNOLD
WRIGHT

Where the combination of master ability in direction, faithful casting, the sublime in scenic values and Ned Van Buren's camera are making a celluloid gem

ALMOST everybody, perhaps, has at some time or other expressed the wish that he might be present during the making of movies. I don't believe anyone will question that. The assertion is made from a solid foundation based on actual knowledge of hundreds of people who wanted to know about motion pictures and couldn't hear enough about the subject, and also scores of people who fled from such discussion and couldn't be induced to even listen in while such a topic was under fire.

As a matter of fact, the writer belongs to the class of the cinema family that knows all about pictures. At least, he felt thus until almost a week ago. If there was anything new under the sun, he hadn't heard about it. And if there wasn't anything new under the sun, he probably had heard about it. At any rate, it is hoped that this paragraph has given the reader to understand that up until one week ago the writer was so deucedly *blase* that he couldn't even be civil to the people aboard the Fall River boat en route to Martha's Vineyard. And it was simply because of the fact that these people were pestering the poor writer about how movies are made.

Undoubtedly, more explanation is due. How can I expect a reader to have even a faint idea of what I'm driving at, when I've strayed so far from the theme that I'm at loss to proceed. To begin with—I knew Joe Chapple. I knew him well. And about three weeks ago I ran across him in the lobby of the Commodore Hotel, New York City.

"What are you doing, Joe?" I asked after greetings. "Lecturing, globe-trotting, interviewing—what?"

The well-known twinkle came into his eye. He led me over to a secluded corner and talked to me like a father who was describing the first step his first boy had taken.

The long and the short of it was that Joe told me he was making pictures.

"Well, if you're making pictures," I mused, finally, "I ought to run down and give you a story in some of the fan magazines. I've written under twenty different names and have worn four shift-keys off my typewriter writing movie stuff. Strikes me as though I ought to run down and look on. Maybe I can suggest something. You know, there's nothing I don't know about pictures."

That's enough for the introduction. That tells how it happened that on a recent Saturday morning I could have been found standing on the deck of one of the over-night boats, and preparing to disembark (that's a big word for a twenty-hour boat ride) at New Bedford, and then take another ship for Martha's Vineyard. I was fully equipped—portable typewriter and everything. To give another example of the enthusiasm with which I started the voyage I might as well admit that I had several sheets of manuscript which I had carefully prepared the night before. The text consisted of advice to Joe. I didn't want him to make any mistakes that could be avoided. For instance, part of my advice consisted of the following list of "Don'ts":

1. DON'T interfere with your director.
2. DON'T forget to have a bookkeeper on hand.
3. DON'T forget the value of scenic stuff.

Anyway, I had several dozen "don'ts," the majority of which were not as strong as those I quoted. I had taken pains to enumerate every possible mistake that Joe Chapple could make, and was going to present the list of mistake-antidotes to him on a silver platter, as it were.

When I reached location and saw the organization Joe had picked to produce pictures, it was then that I respectfully tipped my hat to the Heart Throbs Company, and discovered that there was a whole lot more progress being made in the picture business than I had figured on. It didn't take me long to find it out, either. I think the first person I met was Scully, the director.

Mr. Scully was just emerging from the dining room when Joe introduced me. I was a little taken back at first to find that he had a whole-souled welcome. He didn't say:

"Glad to know ya," and look at the other side of the world.

His greeting was sincere. His handshake was hearty.

"Gosh," I remarked, "you're the first director I ever saw that acted as though he were human."

Scully chuckled. "I'd have a fat chance of directing Heart Throbs pictures if I didn't appreciate the art of being human," he said. "Certainly I'm human. Everybody in this company

is human. The result is that we are making human pictures. Can you imagine anything nicer in the way of pictures, than *human pictures*?"

I looked at him for a moment. That sort of a question coming from a director was a new experience for me. I might have fancied it coming from the mouth of a president of a big company, probably as a result of coaching on the part of the publicity man; but I never thought it would come off-hand from a director.

"Nope," I admitted. "If you make human pictures you're reaching the mark—and it doesn't matter how high you go or how far away you place it."

Scully reflected a moment. "The time has arrived when the prime essential for motion pictures can be summed up in three essentials—*humanness, scenic value, and an absorbing story*. In my estimation, the motion picture public, and the New York men who prescribe the pictures for the big public, are only in a small way responsible. The person to credit with this discovery of the trinity of excellence is the man who runs the motion picture theatre. In the terms of the trade we call him the exhibitor. He's the fellow that's demanding progress. Do you know that four out of every six exhibitors in this country are today personally reviewing all prospective pictures for the essentials I named



Florida Kingsley and Lorraine Harding in conference with Director Scully. Standing, from left to right, are Joe Mitchell Chapple, Stewart Arnold Wright and Ned Van Buren. The man with the note-book on his knee is Jack Garvey, assistant to the director

before they will place those pictures on their screens? There is a strata of exhibitor responsibility alive today. And this accounts for most of the advancement being made today in the motion picture business."



The widow Higgins tells Miss Annabel Lee that the heart of the wife of a skipper is anchored with the moorings in the cove

I don't remember where Joe Chapple was when Scully said that. I think he was near the cigar counter. Regardless of where, he didn't hear it, and I was glad. I wanted to have the pleasure of imparting to him the news that I believed he had picked a director in a thousand. I told him:

"I'm learning something. It's quite a sensation. I thought I was coming out here to teach you a lot of things about the picture business, and now I've discovered that there's a whole lot that your company can teach me. I'm going to stick around for three days and see how real movies are made."

I did. I watched Scully direct Ben Grauer, the little boy who made the startling success in Griffith's "The Idol Dancer," in "Penrod," and "Floradora." I was the most interested spectator in the group when little Arline Blackburn, the tot selected for child parts in the majority of Constance Talmadge productions, went through her bit with Ben.

"You certainly deserve credit," I told Joe. "How did you know that Ben Grauer and Arline Blackburn were among the most capable, talented, and popular juveniles on the screen?" I asked. "You're a publisher. And yet you've got the faculty of getting the best, and perhaps

making the best in a new art. How the dickens did you do it, Joe?"

And Chapple put his hand on my shoulder.

"Stewart," said he, "I haven't been studying the motion picture business for two solid years just for diversion. I've been learning, learning, constantly learning the ins-and-outs, how to improve, what not to do, what to do, what can improve the business, what the people want, what the exhibitors want, and what is morally right for me to give the public. I don't in the least deserve the credit. Give it to the organization."

That's as far as Joe cared to go. I learned from one of the assistants that "Annabel Lee," the initial picture of the Heart Throbs series, will require an amount of effort seldom tendered any production under the six-reel limit. I had to gasp when I learned that in putting the two-reel continuity together, Chapple had worked for almost a month with four of the best script writers he could procure. In addition, his director and camera man were "in" on the conferences. I further learned that the story of "Annabel Lee," from which the continuity was made, was sent back to the author six times for revisions and changes, and that when completed and published in Joe Chapple's magazine it will represent the product of three different fiction writers.

When I met the cast for "Annabel Lee," I thought I was looking over an ensemble for one of the big feature pictures—not a two-reel production. There was Louis Stearns, nationally known as the portrayer of father roles. He appeared in "Humoresque," and has contributed largely to the success of a dozen of the best known screen plays.

Florida Kingsley, selected by Joe Chapple as the mother type for "Annabel Lee," has a wonderful following throughout the nation. She is known as "the little mother of the screen." And, so help me, if Joe Chapple didn't step out and in every instance pick the best possible characters for his story.

Jack O'Brein, one of the most rapidly-advancing leading men in the business, was picked to play opposite Miss Lorraine Harding, known

as "the Heart Throbs Girl," and Ernest Hilliard, popular for his work in Goldwyn releases, was selected to complete the O'Brein-Harding triangle. I don't believe D. W. Griffith could have picked better types for this particular picture. And just to think, my old friend Joe Chapple had done the trick. And there I was—on location—with my portfolio full of "don'ts," trying to tell Joe how to make a picture.

I didn't stay three days. I stayed a week. I didn't make a cent because I didn't write a line. Moreover, the board was pretty high in Vineyard Haven. But what chance was there to write? During daylight hours I was on location with Bill Scully and learning how to make pictures. During the night hours I tried to get Joe to tell me how in the dickens he ever learned so much about making movies. That week was about the most educational in my picture career.

This story is being written on the boat, en route to New York. We're just getting out amidst the rollers as this sentence is being written. And if I thought it would do any good, I'd toss that portfolio with the "don'ts" out among the breakers. Maybe it might do the waves some good. It's a cinch they didn't help Joe. In fact, I was so ashamed of them I didn't dare open the brief case.



Arline Blackburn, known to thousands of movie fans from playing child parts in Constance Talmadge pictures, and who makes a charming little Annabel Lee at the age of six

LOOKING LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS

Continued from page 308

cane and hat and proceeded to take a stroll in the immediate vicinity. He had hardly been gone for five minutes when a series of telephone calls were received by the hotel management. Interested natives were anxious to know what celebrated man was registered at the hotel.

"I've seen that man somewhere," one of the local persons told the hotel proprietress, "but I just can't place him. Is he John D. Rockefeller or Pierpont Morgan? Who is he?"

By the time Mr. Stearns returned to the hotel, several small boys were following him at a respectful distance.

An executive of one of the producing concerns,

speaking about Mr. Stearns, probably sized up the reason for his popularity with the following, which is quoted almost verbatim:

"Stearns stands out among those actors who attempt to play the roles of father-millionaires because he really looks the part through and through. He is undoubtedly the thoroughbred of all this type of screen artists. He is a graduate of Columbia University, is exceptionally well versed on business and has a wonderful understanding of human nature. This, with the thirty years he has spent in playing just such roles on the spoken stage and before the camera gives him that poise necessary to the correct in-

terpretation of the various parts which he must play."

And undoubtedly the foregoing (although it is in that doggone highbrow, technical screen language that those film executives seem to find inevitable) explains just why movie fans like Louis Stearns.

But figure it out, considerate reader! How would you like to be acting like a millionaire eighteen hours out of every twenty-four? Louis Stearns doesn't mind it.

"If a day passed that I didn't either lose or make several million dollars, I'd think it was a frameup," said he.

The Emersons find a shell-shocked Venus de Milo

John and Anita Return Home

By
ROSALIND DAVIS

With stories of a benumbed theatre; America's foremost scenario writers are glad to be back in the land of the free and the home of the motion picture

EVERYONE has heard of shell-shocked people and shell-shocked towns. It has remained for John Emerson and Anita Loos, best known of American scenario writers, to return from Europe with tales of a shell-shocked art.

It is their own art—the motion pictures—which suffers from this curious malady. Last Spring these two veteran dramatists, whose stories for Douglas Fairbanks, Billie Burke, and Constance and Norma Talmadge have made them famous, went overseas to investigate the artistic possibilities of the European movies. Summer found them back in their New York "workshop" filled with enthusiasm—for the movies of America.

Mr. Emerson is a tall, lean figure of a man, with a singularly satirical turn of the eyebrows. His wife, who still writes under the name of Anita Loos, is a petite brunette person with a retroussé nose and a weird trick of braiding her hair Indian fashion, which set a vogue among even the blasé coiffeurs of Paris. They are to be found during working hours in a large room tastily furnished with two kitchen chairs, a weary looking deal table and about nine thousand feet of snakey film—film which coils itself under the chairs and over the lamp fixtures and about the feet of the unwary. The Emerson-Loos collaborators use the table to sit on, while they put their feet on the chairs and dash off "stuff" on yellow pads held in their laps—stuff worth approximately nine dollars a word at present scenario prices.

"If the movies grow better, it will be America that improves them," said Mr. Emerson from his perch on the table. "We went abroad in search of scenery, scenarios and other adjuncts of photoplay production. We found the scenery.

"As to the rest of it, we can only say that no American movie magnate needs lose sleep over a haunting dread of foreign competition. The plays of the stage and the cinema alike, in England, France and Germany, are incredibly poor. The movies are like the archaic productions which filled our Nickleodeons some ten years ago—dim, flickering affairs with little plot and no sequence whatsoever."

And he shook his head dismally. Miss Loos put aside her pad to take up the theme.

"The troubles of the stage and cinema abroad came out of the war," she said. "Authors and directors are suffering from the nervous strain. They told us so themselves, everywhere. Some of them had been two and three years in the trenches; others had been bombarded for days on end in London and Paris. Their creative faculties had been temporarily numbed by these appalling experiences.

"Perhaps you think this is overstating the case. Let me tell you that both Mr. Emerson and myself had the same experience at the start of the war, when the excitement made concentration impossible. We were writing and directing the Douglas Fairbanks photoplays at the time, and we simply had to stop and take a long vacation. And if we could feel the effects of a war six thousand miles away, how much more nerve-racking must have been the experiences



MR. AND MRS. JOHN EMERSON

of the playwrights and scenario writers who were in the thick of it.

"During our stay abroad we visited as many studios as possible. We discovered that in all of Europe there is not a single movie plant wherein a picture equal to even a mediocre American photoplay could be produced—with the exception of one studio recently built abroad by an American firm in the face of persistent opposition from the foreign producers. It is again the effect of the war. The impresarios are still overwhelmed by the great national catastrophe; instead of starting anew to build up their industry along technical lines developed in America while they were fighting, they are deluding themselves into the belief that with a few old barns, equipped with dim electric lights and flimsy canvas scenery, they can wrest the control of the motion pictures away from America where for the past three years it has been the fifth national industry."

And she told of millions of dollars spent in importing American authors, directors and actors to teach the English, French and Italians the game, and how these artists were forced to return incontinently to their own lands when they discovered that, in Europe, they were entirely without the tools of their trade. She told of foreign governments which based their hopes of rehabilitation on the creation of a great motion picture industry—hopes foredoomed to failure because the producers will not let them-

selves be guided by the experiences of the Americans.

And while Mrs. Emerson was speaking there was not a solitary sound that rivaled her for the attention of her audience. It was her description, mingled with the expression of her personal views on the subject, that made her words unmistakably out of the ordinary. The writer listened intently for epigrams and cute sayings. But the clever little sub-titler used none. But what she said was clear and to the point.

"Europe is six years behind us in the motion picture industry," said Mr. Emerson, as his wife finished. "Perhaps she will not catch up for twenty years. Europe has the most beautiful scenery in the world and, in fact, we toured even the battle scarred areas in search of 'locations' for photoplays. But so long as the authors and producers remain in their present shaken state of nerves, there can be no advance in the European pictures. The overseas movie folk are making mistakes, and they know they are making mistakes. They make a curiously pathetic appeal to visiting Americans—sort of 'what's-wrong-with-the-world' query. It is a condition which calls for the greatest sympathy on the part of America, for if Europe is behind us in her drama, it is due to an accident, the accident of the war, and not to any —"

Miss Loos nodded and epitomized the situation in two words.

"They're shell-shocked," she said.

Twinkling Stars in the Land of Make-Believe



CONSTANCE BINNEY once more deserves the spotlight for her splendid screen performance in "Thirty-nine East," adapted from the stage play in which she scored a tremendous hit. There's many a movie fan wondering why there aren't more Constance Binney pictures.



HAROLD LLOYD is one of the million-a-year screen persons who manages to keep out of the divorce courts and scandal papers. Mr. Lloyd is declared to draw an insultingly little salary of \$1,500,000 per year, and this may account for the photographic study above.



MAY ALLISON has had much to combat along her rise to stardom—and among her greatest obstacles has been the arbitrary belief that an unusually beautiful woman is not possessed of real talent. Her recent pictures have convinced skeptics that she has remarkable ability as well as beauty.



BETTY BLYTHE is finding the road to success paved with wealth and fame. Her every appearance brings out new talents and shows that camera men are learning her best poses. She had a most appealing and convincing role in James Oliver Curwood's "Nomads of the North."



MARY MILES MINTER will always remain the sunshine girl, regardless of the screen's tendency toward features calling for feminine leads of a different type. Sweetness personified perhaps best explains just why the Minter Cinema Stock stands very high.



CORAL NIXON isn't known just now to as many screen fans as she soon will be, for to this pretty blonde has been dedicated the task of supplying atmosphere, so that other screen stars may shine forth in all their light. But Miss Nixon has been discovered.



ALICE BRADY has returned to the stage (for a short time, we hope) in a play entitled "Anna Ascends." Popular opinion has it that movie-goers will not allow Miss Brady to remain away from the screen for a very long time despite the fact that her play is a success.



ERNEST HILLIARD, nephew of Robert Hilliard, is fast becoming among the screen juveniles what his famous uncle was to the legitimate stage profession many years ago. Hilliard's latest appearance is in the role of the publisher in "Annabel Lee," a Heart Throbs production.



MAE MURRAY is undoubtedly not to blame for the parts which seem to be selected for her. Nevertheless, it is certain that safer, saner and more human roles would increase the number of her admirers. Her histrionic ability largely accounts for the success of "The Right to Love."

Everybody takes an interest in

Affairs and Folks

Gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world



HERE was a newspaper tradition, "When I worked with Melville Stone" that carried a distinction equal to a *croix de guerre*.

Consider Melville Elijah Stone—living epistle of independent journalism—the world's greatest apostle of truth in the news—protagonist of the square deal in the exchange of information between nations.

Portly without obesity, broad-shouldered and stalwart, a sturdy American commanding respect for his country in every quarter of the globe, I can see his broad, honest mouth expanding in genial smile, accentuated with glittering teeth of golden reinforcement, now seated in the gloomy back room of a Paris hotel, judiciously canvassing the fate of nations. Again I find him esconsed in the spare chair of an A. P. member's radiant sanctum in perennially sunlit Honolulu, absorbing information regarding that paradise of the Pacific for the benefit of the colossal news dispensary so dear to his heart.

Mr. Stone had traveled all over the world before the great war, and he repeated his steps through Europe during that awful world crisis. While the struggle was in progress he was perhaps more closely in touch with international relations than was any other man. I dined with him in Paris when he was in more or less confidential contact with influential representatives of seven or eight nations. His judgment in making assignments of Associated Press workers was remarkable. They were selected with regard to more than mere repertorial qualifications. Throughout the troubled countries the Associated Press representative was everywhere probably a most active privileged personage.

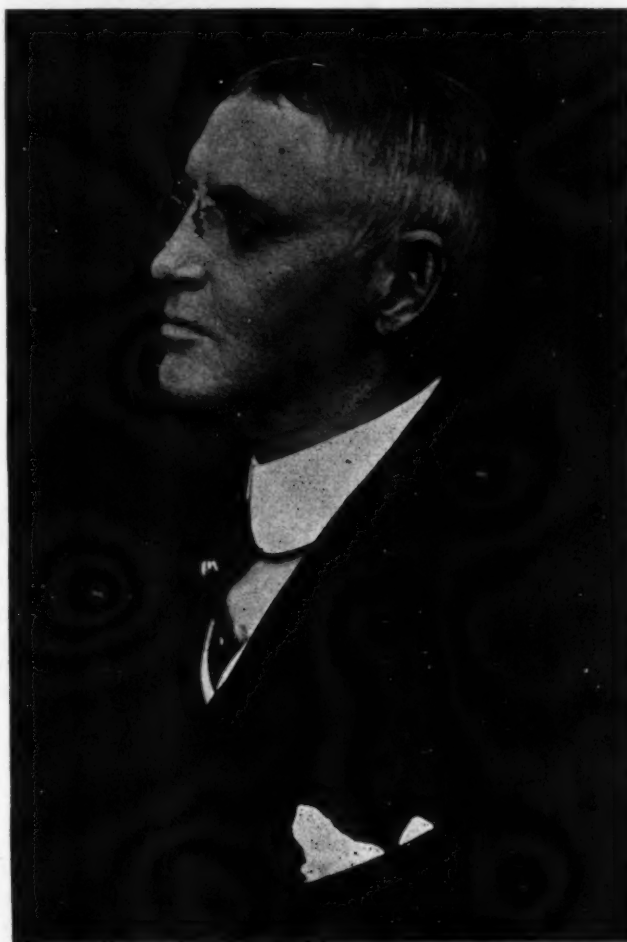
Blowitz was a great war correspondent. Melville Stone belongs to a new order of things. Handling newspapers of all political shades for many years, he came well equipped to deal with the dissonant press of those warring nations. So ably diplomatic was he in applying the principles of fairness and freedom to the difficult situation that he brought the service of the Associated Press through the severe test unblemished. This achievement is the more notable from the fact that Europe possesses few real newspapers. A journal there is almost invariably the organ of some faction or some man.

Similar undesirable conditions are here and there threatening the press of the United States, and against such demoralization the Associated Press standards established by Melville E. Stone through the Associated Press form a substantial bulwark. He has emphasized the differentiation of news and editorials. His ideals are the only protection we have for a free press. They assure the public of facts without bias or coloring.

There is no more valuable asset owned by any newspaper than the Associated Press franchise, and among the lares and penates of an editor's sanctum there is nothing more valued than the diploma that decrees "member of the Associated Press."

The biography of Melville Stone in tabloid form reveals the fact that he was born in Hudson, Illinois, August 22, 1848, the son of a Methodist minister, Rev. Elijah Stone, and removed to Chicago in 1860. Graduating from high school in 1867, he some years later received the degree of A. M. from Yale and that of LL. D. from Wesleyan University and Middlebury College. He was a reporter on the Chicago *Tribune* in

1864 in the days of Joseph Medill. Mr. Stone conducted a foundry and machine shop in 1869-71, but was burned out in the great fire of the latter year. Editing several Chicago dailies thereafter, he produced the first issue of the *Daily News*.



MELVILLE E. STONE

Super-journalist, general manager of the greatest news-gathering organization in the world

the first penny paper in the country, on Christmas Day, 1875, in conjunction with a partner, Victor F. Lawson, who shares his journalistic fame, and was one of his first newsboys. In 1881 he started the Chicago *Morning News*, which became the Chicago *Record*. He sold out his entire interest to Lawson in 1888 and spent three years in Europe to recuperate his health. He organized the Globe National Bank in 1891, of which he was president until its consolidation with the Continental National in 1898. Since March 1, 1893, he has been General Manager of the Associated Press, New York, and in this work he has achieved a world-wide reputation, that identifies him with the highest ideals of modern journalism.



JACQUES BLEVINS

Still under thirty years of age, he is the directing head of the largest automobile factory in the Southwest

PARAPHRASING Emerson a bit we might say, "Happy is the man who has found himself." This is what few of us ever do at all—seldom any of us before thirty.

Jacques Blevins did. And he did it without money, "pull," influence, or social prestige. His was the royal road of hard work and concentration. Furthermore, he did it where others had failed and when it was generally predicted he would do likewise. This thought of failure was held over him like the sword of Damocles.

Blevins is still considerably under thirty years of age—so far from thirty that he is actually timid for business reasons to tell his age. He is one of the few men in the world who is shy of his youth.

Slightly more than two years ago Blevins conceived the idea of, and put into execution, the building of a great industrial enterprise in Texas. An offer of a fifty-acre factory site in the city of Houston caused him to give Houston the factory.

Today the Southern Motor Manufacturing Association, Ltd., is a \$10,000,000 institution, with millions invested on the Houston Ship Channel, and with a plant under construction that will be the equal of any in America. Jacques Blevins is doing for Houston what Henry Ford did for Detroit, and what John Willys did for Cleveland. Houston has deep water and six lines of foreign steamship lines, going to South America, to Panama, to Mexico, and to European ports. Even if the Texas and other markets of the southern states should not absorb the entire output of Blevins' plant, he will have a decided advantage over any eastern or northern manufacturer in supplying South American trade.

While the "Southern Motors" is not a "one-man" enterprise, it is the result of one man's idea and vision. Two years ago Blevins came to Houston practically unknown. Today Houston doffs its hat to him in admiration and respect. He has given to the city its largest industrial enterprise, and is

planning a model city for his employees. Time was when he needed money and credit. Today he is a director of several Texas banks and his company has assets running into the millions. It has more orders than it can hope to fill within the next two years, though the scheduled capacity of the plant will approximate twelve thousand five-passenger cars annually; ten thousand bodies, twelve thousand tractors, and the same number of tractor cultivators and trailers. On this basis the plants will have an annual business, when running under full capacity, of approximately \$50,000,000 a year, and the profits, even on a modest margin, should run well into the millions yearly.

While securing his education, Jacques Blevins gave evidences of his mechanical and engineering genius. Like Henry Ford, he is not only a builder, but a master organizer and business executive. Business men who have come in contact with him say he is a wizard in solving financial problems, and that as a judge of human nature and a manager of men his judgment is almost uncanny. He makes few mistakes, and never makes the same one the second time. And added to all his other sterling qualities, Blevins has the gift of making people like him and trust him.

The success of the Southern Motors is due to the vision of Jacques Blevins in foreseeing the needs of the southern states, the popularity and general use of the tractor on the farm and ranch. All industries are being rapidly motorized and Blevins was wise enough to anticipate a need. He simply took advantage of a growing condition made necessary by the changing times. He knew that the tractor would supplant horse power on the farm as it has in all other lines of industry.

TO hold the presidency of the first national bank ever started in the United States is a distinction, the height of which is not diminished in the case of the ninth incumbent in a line of distinguished predecessors. This honor belongs to Albert F. Dawson, president of the First National Bank of Davenport, Iowa.

Mr. Dawson is a typical American to whom his countrymen may proudly commend the rising generation as an example to emulate. Left motherless in early infancy, his pluck—joined to talent naturally bright—speedily brought him to the front, so that before passing his teens he had won place and fame in the region of his nativity. He was born at Spragueville, Iowa, January 26, 1872. His mother dying when he was only a year old, his grandfather, Major Samuel Foster, took the little fellow in charge and saw to his good upbringing. Educated in the public schools of Preston and the University of Wisconsin, at nineteen he became publisher of the *Preston Advance*, and later city editor of the *Clinton Herald*.

From 1895 to 1899 Albert Dawson was secretary to George M. Curtis, member of Congress, and for the next six years served Senator William B. Allison in the same capacity. Evidently his secretarial experience gave him both an aptitude



ALBERT F. DAWSON

President of the oldest First National Bank in the United States

and a taste for politics, as he is found from 1904 to 1911 worthily representing the second Iowa district in Congress.

April 6, 1911, Mr. Dawson became president of the First National Bank of Davenport. During his incumbency as chief executive the bank has exceeded its average annual gains in all divisions, its total resources now aggregating more than three million dollars against \$387,809 in 1864.

On February 26, 1863, the very next day after President Lincoln approved the National Banking Act, an application for a charter for the First National Bank of Davenport was on file in the Treasury department. Then, on June 29 of the same year, its doors opened for business in the "Marble" building, a three-story structure of white limestone, at that time regarded as the most handsome bank edifice in the West, and unexcelled short of New York City.

For two days the Davenport bank was the only institution of its class, but on July 1 a number of national banks went into action. A pretty volume in blue and gold, containing biographical and historical data relative to the institution, was issued upon the fiftieth anniversary of the pioneer national bank. It contains much spicy information upon banking and currency prior to the Civil War.

The varying banking laws of thirty different states and an utter laxity of official regulation had produced an era of recklessness and imposition. In most states the conditions had resulted in flooding the country with "shinplasters," otherwise contemptuously described by such opprobrious titles as "red dog," "wildcat," and "stump tail." This much discredited paper was issued to a large extent by people with little or no capital—or just sufficient to fit up a "bank" and recompense an engraver for printing the ornate promises to pay.

President Buchanan, in a message to Congress after the great panic of 1857, said: "Such revulsions must occur when fourteen hundred irresponsible institutions are permitted to usurp the power of providing currency, thus affecting the property of every citizen." During 1860 ninety-four Illinois banks expanded their issues by an aggregate of \$1,400,000. This, even if it were ninety per cent "phony," might at the present day, in the light of Ponzi finance, be regarded as only "piking," but in those days a million looked as big as a mountain.

Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, in 1861 proposed two remedial measures to Congress—one to enable the government to sell its bonds and the other to give the people a uniform paper currency made safe by national sanction. It took two years to put the National Banking Act through Congress, but its operation made an end of paper money other than that issued by the federal government. Yet the issue of bonds and mortgage notes by agents as irresponsible as the old-time bankers, it is believed, has practically gathered as much plunder as the disreputable state banks did before the war.

The national bank system has grown in less than three-score years to colossal proportions, at a recent date having about six billion dollars of deposits and resources of twice that amount.

Reference has been made to the distinguished line of presidents of this pioneer national bank. Corbin, the first one, a splendid type of New Hampshire manhood, became the founder of financial institutions of nation-wide influence as well as a railroad magnate. His immediate successor was Henry French, a Massachusetts man, whose daughter Alice was loved by the American public as "Octave Thanet," poet and story writer. All of the eight men who have preceded him as presidents won public esteem, which Albert F. Dawson has carried on to its full fruition.

FROM shepherd to king, from tent-maker to chief apostle, from rail-splitter to President—well, from trunk-maker to Governor of Maine is not such a prodigious jump after all. Perhaps the trunk-maker had the edge on those other climbers in that his trade required him on all occasions to "get down to brass tacks."

Even considering the addition of women's names to the



Photo by Bachrach

COLONEL FREDERIC H. PARKHURST
Newly-elected governor of the Pine Tree State

register, and giving due weight to the claim that this is a "Republican year," the record majority of more than sixty thousand votes by which Colonel Frederic H. Parkhurst was elected Governor of Maine over Hon. B. E. McIntire, his Democratic opponent, must still largely be regarded as a tribute to the victor's worth. When it is recalled that Colonel Parkhurst was defeated for the G. O. P. governorship candidacy four years ago, but turned the tables on his then opponent at this year's primary, his success is a double triumph and may be taken as the sober second thought of the electorate.

Colonel Parkhurst won the support of his own party, for one thing, through proving a good loser, having worked as hard to elect his party rival in the former contest as he would have done to elect himself. He had held important positions in both state and national councils of the Republican party, so that his chivalry under reverse merited the reward of loyalty.

He earned the confidence of the people of Maine by his steadfast championship of state improvements, his proved competency in the Bangor city council and both chambers of the legislature, his success as a manufacturer, and his admirable personal qualities. He is affable, courteous, rememberful of names and faces, an effective public speaker and an all-round good citizen.

Moreover, Colonel Parkhurst belongs to that class that never fails of winning the admiration and respect of American citizens. He is a self-made man from boyhood. Born in Unity, Maine, in 1864, he went to school in early boyhood. At the age of fourteen he entered a trunk factory as an apprentice, and in two years became a journeyman trunk-maker, after which he was promoted to traveling salesman covering the



H. S. WILDER

Musical authority and inventor of a silent piano practice keyboard

Maine field. The factory now employs about one hundred hands, turning out a large quantity of trunks, bags, valises, harness fittings, etc. Colonel Parkhurst assumed its management in 1888, since when he has disbursed more than \$2,500,000 in wages.

Before entering the business with his father, however, Colonel Parkhurst had won fame as a lawyer. Topping his public school education by attendance at Columbia University, he was admitted to the bar in 1887 and for a time was a special attorney for the Department of Justice in the French spoilation claims matter. His colonelcy was gained as a member of Governor Hill's staff.

It is generally believed in Maine that Colonel Parkhurst will make one of the best governors the state has ever had.

LONG-SUFFERING apartment-house dwellers should rise up *en masse* and call H. S. Wilder blessed! For, thanks to his inventive genius, no longer need "little Jane" torture the nerves of the entire neighborhood while practicing her scales and five-finger exercises.

Mr. Wilder, whose home is in West Newton, Mass., has for the past twenty years been a member of the faculty of the world-famous New England Conservatory of Music; his hundreds of pupils have included concert pianists, accompanists and scores of teachers. He has given over three hundred pupils' recitals, and his pupils have played in concerts and recitals all over

America. He has heard the world's greatest pianists again and again, not only for the purpose of familiarizing himself with their style, but to discover how they got their results, thus making a profound study of "cause and effect."

For years he has sought to find the most direct way for overcoming technical difficulties and producing by simple methods the desired touch and dynamic effects, and has examined and put to test thousands of technical exercises and studies, together with scores of "methods." In his efforts to find direct and sane ways for overcoming the things that have perplexed and annoyed thousands of teachers and pupils, he has developed numerous devices (including three different keyboards) and many special exercises.

For a number of years certain of Mr. Wilder's pupils used the Virgil Practice Clavier for their technical work and memorizing. During this period he became convinced that the pupil practicing upon a "dummy" actually did more musical thinking than the pupil who practiced upon the piano; nine-tenths of the pupils who practice upon the piano figuratively let the piano "think for them," whereas those who practice on a dummy very early form the habit of associating the definite pitches with the definite keys. This same principle he found applied also to the mastery of technical difficulties; not being obliged to hear what they were playing, they naturally paid more attention to the control and direction of the playing members. He fully satisfied himself that earlier results were gotten, both musically and pianistically, by those who did a portion of their work on a dummy.

The Wilder Keyboard is the culmination of Mr. Wilder's many years of study and experiment. The things that inspired its invention were the three essentials to the development of piano technic—accuracy, velocity, and finger strength—also the easy and direct acquisition of the mechanical skill necessary for producing a pure, even legato and a vigorous and vital tone. Further, it was essential that the instrument be small and light in weight in order that it might be used anywhere at any time, and that the expense be kept down so that class instruction would be practicable.

The Wilder Keyboard has standard black keys and V-shaped corrugations to the center of the white keys, and is the first radical change in a keyboard since the history of keyboard instruments began. While the idea of a corrugated keyboard was primarily intended for practice, it has already been suggested by a number of eminent authorities that slightly corrugated keys would be an improvement over flat keys for a standard piano keyboard.

It will readily be realized that a V-shaped surface depressed to the exact center of the key will make for far greater accuracy than a flat key; the fingers thus being trained always to strike the exact center of the key.

By the use of "tilting levers" at either end of the keyboard, a direct means is provided for training the fingers to produce a perfectly even legato and a full and vigorous tone. By arranging the "tilting levers" at varying centers, finger strength and lightness of finger action are early developed. Also by this device a very energetic finger stroke is demanded, which makes the fingers "alive to their very tips," which means the early assurance of a vital, even and full tone.

In working out a principle in any art, difficulties are naturally encountered at every turn, and at first Mr. Wilder had the usual discouragements from "authorities" and other "willing advisers" that radical thinkers generally have, but his belief in a better and more direct way for teaching the mastery of the piano held him to his ideal, until today the Wilder Keyboard has the endorsement of some of the best authorities in the country.

ONE of the most versatile and successful of American composers is Geoffrey O'Hara, born in Canada, but a resident of this country for twenty years and a naturalized

American citizen. Mr. O'Hara comes of a musical family, and played and sang by ear from earliest infancy. While he studied music some as a child, he was too much interested in out-of-door sports to give it serious attention. At the age of fifteen, while yet in the junior classes of the Collegiate Institute, he won the senior track and field championship, taking all first prizes in competition with seniors from sixteen to twenty years old, and for a time music went by the boards.

He first began seriously the study of music as a profession when he came to New York in 1904, but the greater part of his work has been practical from the first, he having studied composition mostly by an analysis of the methods of all the American and European masters.

Mr. O'Hara has toured in opera, concert, vaudeville, Chautauqua, and lyceum, and has had the advantage of much travel. He was appointed instructor of native Indian music by Franklin K. Lane, then Secretary of the Interior. This work, which was cut short by the war, he found most interesting, and hopes to resume it at an early date. He spent some time in Canada after the outbreak of hostilities in 1914, and when the United States entered the war, went immediately to Fort Oglethorpe to start the camp singing. His popular song, "K-K-K-Katy" came out of the war.

His songs have been sung by Caruso, Amato, Rothier, Werrenrath, Murphy, Althouse, Harrold, and many other operatic and concert stars; also Jolson, Nora Bayes, George Macfarlane, and hundreds of vaudeville people.

Mr. O'Hara is much interested (and practically so) in all music and things and persons musical, including the folk songs and tribal music of the Indians and Negroes and the haunting melodies of the French-Canadian voyageurs.

To quote his own words: "While I like these things, I love America. I have great faith in the wonderful things America is doing and is about to do in the fine arts. I expect, and that soon, to see developed on our shores, within the next ten years, the greatest composer that the world has ever known. He will do all that Europe has ever done, and then some more on his own account. He will be first a man, a MacDowell if you will; he won't wear long hair, nor will he be queer and funny, but he will be a mental genius, a Beethoven plus an Archimedes. This

sounds exaggerated. We have done these things in almost every other line under the sun, and we will do it in music. We are developing tens of thousands of musicians all over our country



GEOFFREY O'HARA

One of America's most versatile and popular composers

—singers, composers, pianists, instrumentalists, orchestras in our schools everywhere. Watch the generation that was born ten years ago. I say watch them, and don't be surprised."

A CITY THAT FOUND ITS SOUL

Continued from page 302

greater Middletown, as planned, would be worth a great deal to them in support of sound living and working conditions. They subscribed \$500,000 in one lump sum. The Middletown merchants on their part pledged \$100,000.

With \$400,000 of the \$1,000,000 yet to be raised by subscriptions from the individual citizens, the city was organized on the old Liberty Loan Campaign basis—women teams took the homes, and men teams toured the factories and business houses. Subscription cards were printed which read as follows:

SUBSCRIPTION PLEDGE

In consideration of other subscriptions made by citizens of Middletown, Ohio, for the purpose of creating a Civic Fund to

- Provide the necessary additions to Middletown Hospital.
- Assist the Board of Education in increasing the compensation of the teachers of the Public Schools.
- Extend the present system of parks and playgrounds.
- Enlarge the new home of the Girl's Club.
- Provide a fund for the Public Library.
- Erect a Community Memorial Building dedicated to the Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines of the World War.
- Provide permanent headquarters in the Community Building for the Local Post of the American Legion.

- Construct a new Y. M. C. A. Building.

- Give the City Commission such financial assistance as that body may need for the conduct of its affairs, pending the proposed remedial legislation affecting taxation, and
- Provide funds for such other activities respecting Community Development as the Civic Fund Campaign Executive Committee, shall hereafter designate.

I agree to pay \$..... per month for twenty-four months

Signed.....

The pledge cards which were distributed through the industries, provided that payments could be made through the employer and any subscriber could designate his pledge to certain of the projects by crossing out such activities as he did not wish to contribute to.

It was not an easy task! Before the \$1,000,000 was reached Middletown had the fibre of its citizenship tested to the very core—but still it pressed on to the goal—finally reaching it after extending the drive one additional week.

The total number of subscribers was 9,000, the total amount subscribed was \$1,055,000 or an average of \$200 for every home in the city. Middletown had "found its soul."

The chance in a million to "go straight"

Why Probationers Love Judge Young

By
JACK HYATT, JR.

A man who always finds the "spark of good," in every human being, and whose faith in humanity minimizes the cost of prison upkeep

QUONCE a year what perhaps are the three greatest factors for the betterment of mankind meet in the County Court of Westchester—the county judge, the probation officer, and the probationer. County Judge Frank L. Young of Westchester bears the distinction of being the only judge sitting on the bench today in New York State who takes a really active interest in the people who are brought before him for probation on charges varying from petty family quarrels to assault and grand larceny in the highest degree, and more serious legal or criminal charges.

He has been termed by many as "the judge with a heart." And justly so. For indeed he has the interest of all at heart who come "under his wing" either on the right or wrong side of the law. On a recent Sunday the yearly meeting between these three factors was held, a few of the probationers coming at specified times during the day, so that there need be no crowded court-room—so that no one might feel ill at ease under the eyes of others.

Judge Young, with a smile on his face which would make anyone happy, extends a friendly hand, calls each man and woman by name, pats this one on the shoulder, passes a friendly word with that one, and then follows the heart-to-heart talk in the judge's private chambers, with no one present but Probation Officer Leslie Decker and special clerk Harold Bailie.

"You know," says Judge Young, "it is wonderful how these people . . . even though they have violated their parole . . . come to me with an open heart and mind and tell me all their troubles. Some of them even go so far as to express happiness in the fact that they have gone astray in the past, been given a chance, and are now proving themselves. I earnestly believe that underneath the surface of each and every one of us there is a bit of good. If I can only find that good point . . . give it life, give it a chance to expand and develop as it naturally should . . . then we have finer, better, nobler men and women.

"The physical change in these probationers is really startling. They come in eyes bright, upright, looking the perfect picture of health. All lack of manhood and signs of despondency evident months before have disappeared. They look me square in the face and unburden their thoughts and troubles. I can tell by the feel of their hands whether they are doing what they can or not to be straight. It is amazing what a change has come over them after committing some offense and being placed on their honor to go straight; they work hard, families are reunited, they are all saving money and some have good-

sized bank accounts—something unheard of by them before their wrongdoing."

Yet the judge is not to be fooled. The story is told of a woman who had heard of what she evidently thought was "the judge's soft-heartedness," and who came to the court room one day with several of her small children. Her husband was on trial on a serious charge. She sat there crying her eyes out, with a great display of grief. The judge immediately saw through her "game," and told her that she was arousing no sympathy for her husband by her actions, and ordered her to leave the room.

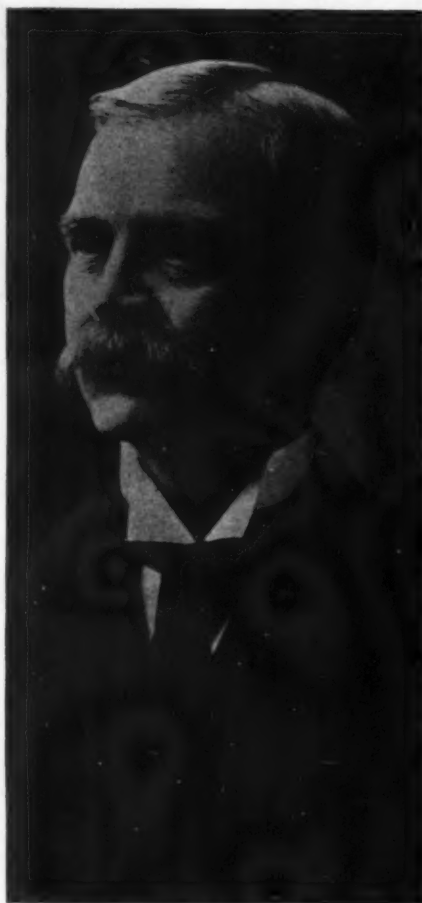
Prisoners, too, have come to learn that if they make a clean breast of things before Judge Young that a square deal will be forthcoming. But the judge hates a liar.

As before mentioned, every man, woman and child on probation improves according to records just made known. Probably not because of society, for they generally feel that they owe no debt to it, but have a deep-rooted hatred for wrongs punished in days gone by; but because they know they must make good after being placed on probation. He, the judge, has given some of them the only chance they ever had to go straight. The tendency of mankind is to do right if mentally able to do so.

Take the case of William X. From the time he was twelve years of age he had been arrested, sentenced, re-arrested and re-sentenced, apparently without end. He had been in nearly every reform school in several states. Finally he obtained a real record—a state's prison offense. All this poor lad could remember was the stern, inevitable hand of the law following him everywhere he went. Is it to be wondered at that he felt as though "What's the use?" and continued to go wrong? Then he came before Judge Young. The judge and Probation Officer Decker analyzed his case.

"Somewhere," said the judge, "in this young lad is a spark of manhood which has never been given a chance to grow—always smoldered and consumed itself in its own flame to a bitterness against society in general and the law in particular. The boy's father was dead, his mother and two elder brothers drank to excess. There was the cause—home. So we took the boy away from his family, secured him a position in an automobile manufacturing concern and he has made good."

Here is the case of John B. His wife told a harrowing tale of misfortune, chiefly mistreatment of herself and children, drunkenness by the husband, and finally abandonment. John B. was just naturally inclined to be (Continued on page 328)



JUDGE FRANK L. YOUNG

A good life—well lived

Winthrop Murray Crane

Bay State's best-loved citizen will be long remembered for sterling character and patriotism and countless good deeds he considered only a part of every day's routine

THE virtues of gentleness, goodness and greatness perfectly blended in one human soul reflects the career of Winthrop Murray Crane. His life of kind acts, of unswerving integrity and generous graciousness will remain a rich heritage for the nation he honored. It seems hard to give up a man like Murray Crane, whose every day's activities fairly glowed with good deeds. The tribute paid to him at Dalton, Massachusetts, where the simple funeral services were held, by men of eminence throughout the country, found a sympathetic setting amid the expressions of home folks, who loved him as a father and brother. It seemed incredible that sixty-seven years could have included the achievements accredited to this one man.

Who that ever met him can forget the quiet-spoken, self-effacing man whose sympathetic heart was ever attuned to a great brain. His life career was one succession of kindnesses. His devotion and self-sacrifice, his sterling character and patriotism have placed him on an eminence of American statesmanship and industrial leadership that will never be shadowed. The gleam of his big gray eyes ever radiated friendliness—even in controversy or debate. The tiny cigar he smoked, and every movement of his hands and swaying body, to say nothing of the gentleness of his voice, was soothing. His advice and counsel were not expressed in words. He acted—he did something. The thousands, and even tens of thousands, whom he individually helped over the rough places in life, remain living, breathing monuments to his greatness and goodness. With a capacity for big things in business and industrial operations, with a foresight and business vision unerring, he never drifted from the moorings of helping every one as need required. He had the happy humility of a Lincoln, and the roster of those who owe his memory a debt of gratitude that never can be repaid in dollars and cents would probably include more persons than those helped by any other one individual of his day and generation.

Incident after incident comes to light with the glow of gratitude from all parts of the country. While a wealthy man, he did not spend his wealth upon himself. He seemed always to be thinking of others. There were no yachts, private cars, or personal luxuries, no vaunting display of vanity for him. There were no imposing estates, but always a home where he could share the simplicity of his life with others. He ate little and never spared himself. He was a great political leader; he loved politics because he loved his fellowmen. He could smooth out the wrinkles and bring people to a better understanding of themselves and others. While he was not a fighter, he knew how to win a contest when others despaired. The pre-eminent high order of his ability stamped him early in life as a man of wisdom far beyond that of the average mortal. He seemed to think and act in universals, taking the large aspect of things—but honor, duty and kindness were three qualities ever found in the warp and woof of his genius for constructive work.

When the people wept tears at the bier of Murray Crane, they were tears that came from the very wellsprings of the heart, for his life and career touched the very heartstrings of his associates to an exceptional degree. The career of Murray Crane emphasizes the necessity that men of his quality and



THE LATE WINTHROP MURRAY CRANE

Loved and honored in life—mourned in death by thousands of people in all walks of life

discrimination be empowered with wealth to help humankind in emergencies and over the rough places on the highways of real progress.

As Governor of the Commonwealth, as Senator from Massachusetts, he has left his impress upon the history of the state and nation. Many times has he pushed aside public compliments and appreciation with sincere and unchallenged modesty.

The invitation to a complimentary dinner which he declined in an appreciative letter some years ago is a tribute given to few public men:

Three years ago you entered upon your duties as Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, a position associated with strong characters and high traditions. During your terms of office you have conserved the traditions, added lustre to the office and gained for yourself the confidence of the whole people. Your administration has been pure and just. You have devoted your marked executive abilities to the details as well as to the greater duties of your position. You have been accessible to the humblest citizen, and you have carefully weighed the counsel of strong men. You have acted upon your decisions with confidence and courage. You have been a leader in the promotion of industrial peace and the mutual understanding of employers and employed. You have knit the whole people into a more sympathetic and united body.

Year after year since I first met him I have begged and implored that he might permit me to write an appreciation of his public services for the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. Each time I would receive the brief but kindly request not to print anything of a laudatory nature. The sincere modesty of the man can be understood perhaps better in his reply to an appeal which was written in June:

June 4th, 1920.

Hon. W. Murray Crane, Dalton, Mass.

My dear Senator, you do not realize what Massachusetts and New England owes to W. Murray Crane. I want to express it, and have tried to express it many times in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, but you held me back because of your sense of modesty. Now I would like to be released to say what is in my heart concerning the services of W. Murray Crane. I have not seen much of you in person, but there has scarcely been a move made on public questions that I have not thought and considered what might be your views in the matter. It is your solid common sense that has saved the party—even the state itself—from drifting into chaotic conditions.

I trust you will pardon my writing at such length, but, Senator, it is the outpouring of sincere and affectionate regard. You have stood by me like a solid rock in all these years, and I cannot hold myself back any longer without making this personal acknowledgment of

my appreciation, although you restrain me from putting into print a review of your invaluable personal public service.

With best wishes, and hoping to see you in Chicago, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE.

The reply was the same I had received year after year when I would prepare an appreciative sketch concerning some of his public work:

I appreciate and thank you for your courtesy, but I prefer not to have any sketch of myself printed.

Naturally his wishes were respected, but it seems hard that these words of appreciation should have to be written with blinding tears when I think of this friend of man "loved long since and lost awhile." His consideration of others was revealed in a letter received after the Republican Convention at Chicago in 1920, when under the stress and strain he bore the brunt of battle that resulted in the nomination of Warren G. Harding. Even at that time he was taken from the hall in a fainting condition, but, valiant warrior that he was, he was back again at the post of duty early and late, never sparing himself, thrice armed in a cause he felt was just, as in many campaigns. Returning from the Convention, he wrote me:

I regret to learn that you were ill at the Convention, but trust that it was of but short duration. Will you please write me as to your condition upon receipt of this.

These incidents are only given to reveal his attitude toward all the thousands with whom he came in contact. A man of few words, but every word is a link of golden memory to those left behind. Rare, indeed, are such souls among mortal men. To have lived and known Winthrop Murray Crane inspires a firm faith and an abiding belief in immortality. The magic of his memory will nurture the flowers of friendship which he planted along life's pathway, in perennial bloom as long as hearts beat in sympathy and love for humankind.

BOYHOOD DAYS OF HARDING

Continued from page 300

provide for paper, ink and payrolls. The *Star* came in the ascendent and kept right on shining and growing more luminous as the crisp and earnest editorials, hearty, home-like "locals" appeared. At one time or another the name of nearly every man, woman and child in Marion appeared in the columns of the *Star*.

The common sense and balance of the young editor, with his "bushel of brains," were revealed in a well-defined policy for the conduct of a newspaper. It did not attract circulation at first, but eventually it won public confidence that endures to this day. These memorandums were made on the editorial desk of Warren G. Harding. On my right were official reports, bills and pamphlets piled criss-cross—relics of the days at Columbus and Washington—with memories of the legislative grind. In public service Warren G. Harding never dodged the drudgery of his duty. Every measure was to him a matter of thorough, conscientious, balanced judgment, just as during the time when he wrote editorials every day, which were quoted far and wide in Ohio-land, as the expression of a sound thinker. There was the spindle copy hook, the imitation cigar on an ash tray as if to suggest that there always might be one more to supplant the cob pipe. Editorials were written in longhand, carrying the splash of ink spots as important words were emphasized. It was a plain, flat top desk, with drawers filled with clippings. On the wall was another copy hook for editorials. Here was a rack on which tradition says there was a plug of chewing tobacco, to which every one helped themselves. Near this desk "Jumbo," the beloved Newfoundland dog he loved, used to lie, awaiting the time for "30" to go on the hook. On this desk was written the story of births, christenings, play-

times and funerals of the "home folks." A paper weight or two to hold down the pages as they were written, and not compel the devil to "follow copy" out the window. There was dust on the desk, for it had been several years since the editor had been called away to public service.

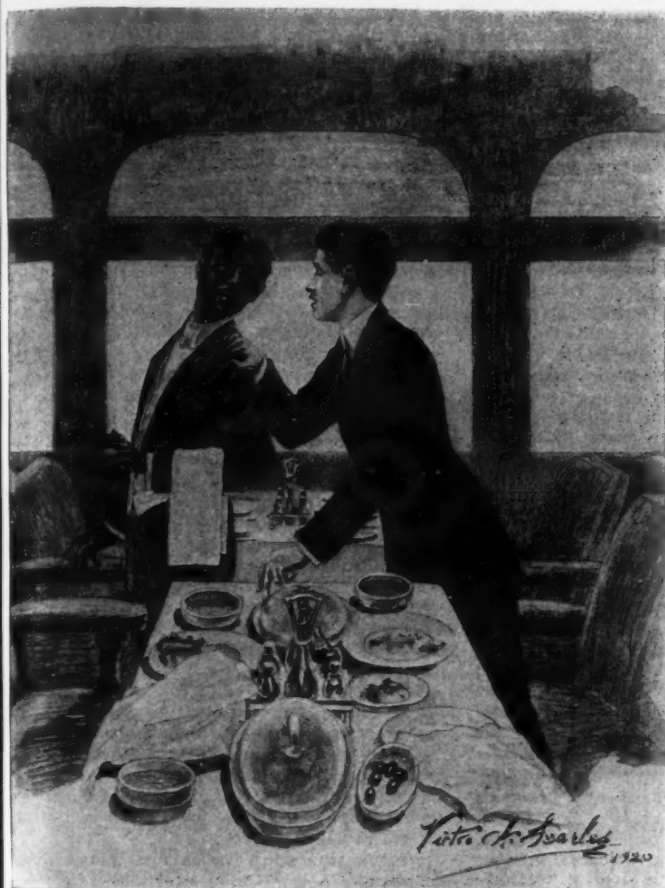
There was also the ponderous unabridged dictionary. One caller always insisted upon finding misspelled words in the paper. He called attention to "pacifist," when it should be "pacifist," long before that word was so commonly used and generally misspelled.

"May I not suggest that you get the meaning," grimly replied the editor, as he was correcting the word "gasoline" to the correct "gasolene," with the "e" underscored in the proof.

Although he was famed far and wide as a strong speaker, "W. G." was timid about public addresses at home. He was accustomed to speak here in public print. When he delivered his lecture on "Alexander Hamilton," and took an active part in the local Chautauqua, the home people were not thinking of him as a great speaker, but just thought the old thoughts.

"W. G." is a man. What more could one ask?

After the nomination the boys were kept busy sending bundles and bundles of letters and telegrams of congratulation pouring in from all cities and states to follow the candidate to Washington. The Hoo Hoos, good-natured with their black cat ensign, Knights of Pythias, Loyal Order of Moose, The Elks, the Red Men, the Odd Fellows, and every civic organization to which he belonged vied with each other in fraternal and almost affectionate greetings, for Warren Harding has always been a real "jiner."



Wiggins sprang up from his seat, grabbed the waiter by the shoulder

THE second instalment of a story about the Indecision that came from Pandora's box, to land in the makeup of Waverly Wiggins

THE INDIAN GIVER

By GOLDYE MIRIAM & PAUL M. SARAZAN

Copyright, 1920, by Joe Mitchell Chapple

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Waverly Wiggins, an exceptionally handsome and well-built second lieutenant, but entirely without decision and with a near-mania for repudiating his word and judgment lest he hurt someone's feelings, steps in a swivel-chair job at the end of the war, thanks to his acquaintance with Mrs. Barney Carlton McGuire, a rather corpulent society butterfly, and wife of the president of the Rational Food Company. McGuire, short and pudgy, resents Mrs. McGuire's near-affection for Wiggins when he finds that, despite her age and Wiggins' youth, she is using the lad as an escort for afternoon dances. Moreover, he objects to paying Wiggins the unusually high salary that Mrs. McGuire demands. After Wiggins has been employed at the Rational offices for a year, he has fallen in love with Marjorie Lloyd, also an employee. Marjorie has

promised to marry him. McGuire, unknowing of Wiggins' engagement to Marjorie, is thoroughly jealous of his wife, and has determined to get rid of Wiggins. He offers Waverly a chance to build up the Rational Company in the Texas oil fields, but Wiggins with characteristic indecision fails to decide. McGuire disgustedly orders him out of the office. Later, the McGuires find Waverly and Marjorie sitting knee-to-knee with a ouija board across their laps during office hours. McGuire furiously fires Wiggins; but he is overruled by Mrs. McGuire, who places the entire blame on Marjorie. When Wiggins fails to take his share of the blame, stammers, and is entirely at a loss what to do, Marjorie casts a disdainful glance at his pitiful figure and hurries out of the room. It was a "last straw" move with her.

MARJORIE'S exit seemed to cool matters on the surface. Charitably, the boss and his lady had made a dignified departure—especially Hazel McGuire, who said, just before the door slammed:

"Rest assured, Mr. Wiggins, that our confidence in you is not shaken a particle. Now that this annoying person is eliminated, you will have a greater opportunity to make yourself valuable to the business."

Barney McGuire had bit down so hard on his cigar that his teeth had clicked. But he said nothing.

The afternoon seemed like an age to Wiggins. Several times he almost gave way to desire and reached for the telephone. He wanted to explain to Marjorie before he saw her that evening. But he had wisely refrained, for after each temptation the boss had entered the office bringing a letter to be answered, an advertising agent to be sized up, or an insurance man to be disposed of.

A slow, drizzling rain that started shortly after two o'clock and lasted until six added to the gloom of the day. With a head and heart full of mixed emotions, Wiggins closed his desk two minutes before time and sauntered out into Broadway. A lonely dinner, a visit to the barber, and it was time to call on Marjorie.

There were others in the parlor of the boarding house when Wiggins arrived. Marjorie came downstairs and greeted him warmly enough, but

the presence of outsiders deprived him of the customary kiss. He whispered a pretty comment about his loss and Marjorie made an appreciative reply. All in all, he was rather surprised that Marjorie seemed not a trifle angered by what had happened. He told the others about his experiences in France for the fourteenth time to Marjorie's knowledge, joined in the discussion about the new plays and finally the boarders took the hint and excused themselves. It was then nearly ten o'clock.

Marjorie and Waverly sat facing each other. The big settee on which they had indulged in many an evening's spooning seemed to declare a mute invitation to Waverly. However, he waited for Marjorie to be the first to change her seat. But the girl appeared to be so interested in the conversation about nothing whatever that the hour approached eleven and the big settee was still unoccupied. It was Waverly who walked over, sat down, and said:

"Let's sit over here, Marge."

His request was granted. Waverly began to breathe easier. Marjorie had seemed very pleasant, had not mentioned a word about the afternoon and had now obligingly leaned forward when he made a motion to put his arm around her. He drew her closer, kissed her and waited. The silence made things very placid. Waverly didn't speak, because the only thing on his mind was something he thought best not to discuss.

He wondered if Marjorie was quiet for the same reason. Surely, she did not feel in any way guilty over what had happened. He was in the midst of a mental debate of this last thought when Marjorie spoke.

"Waverly," she asked rather calmly, "what did they say after I left this afternoon?"

"Not a thing, sweets. They just walked out."

"Didn't Mrs. McGuire say anything?"

"O-h-h-h, she said they still had as much confidence in me as ever."

"Anything else?"

Waverly waited a moment. "Oh, what she said doesn't mean anything to us."

"What did she say about me, Waverly?"

"She said I'd have a chance to do better work now that you were eliminated."

"I don't suppose you made any reply."

"N-o-o-o, I let her have her own way."

"I thought so."

Again the silence. Wiggins waited for another question. In its absence he said:

"How do you mean, sweets?"

"Why, you usually do let people have their own way. You did that most admirably this afternoon. When Mrs. McGuire told you that I was deceitful and a liar, you very kindly let her have her own way. You were also very obliging when I took the blame. I don't suppose you have even explained to them, have you?"

"Why, there's nothing to explain, dear.

Everything's all right and they aren't going to mention it. I didn't know whether to tell them the truth about it and say that I insisted that we try the ouija or not. So I just decided to let it drop."

"Waverly, didn't you have a real reason for not speaking up this afternoon?"

"Certainly, dear; you went right ahead and took up the matter so quickly that I didn't have time to think. I didn't know what to say."

"But, Waverly, didn't you have a reason for not wanting to lose your job. Don't you know what I mean? I thought maybe you felt that if one of us had to go, it would be better for you to keep on than for me. Do you know what I mean, dear?"

"W-e-l-l, that did figure in. But—oh, I don't know. The thing was so balled up that no matter what I might have said it wouldn't have helped. I couldn't decide what to say."

"That's just your trouble, Waverly. You never can decide. Ever since I've known you, you've wavered on every question. You're always on the fence. You're so afraid of hurting somebody's feelings that you let them hurt your own. And if you're not afraid of that, you can find a million and one other reasons for letting someone else decide for you. You make a statement and the minute it meets with disfavor or appears to you take it back. In politics that's called pussyfooting. And that's the best thing you do!"

Again we must allow Waverly Wiggins to express himself. Right or wrong, Waverly Wiggins must speak what he spoke on that eventful night. With what rightful indignation any sweetheart might have when his fair lady scores him as Marjorie panned Waverly, he said:

"Well, if you feel that way about it, let's call it quits."

"All right, sir. Here's your ring—just as soon as I can get it off."

Waverly sat up straight. "Oh, no, dear," he said. "I didn't mean it. Don't believe that I—"

"Oh yes you did," was Marjorie's spirited answer. "This is one time in your life that you're going to stand by what you said. This is once that you are going to stick by your decision. You can be a pussyfoot to everybody else, but not to me. You can make statements and retract them, give your word and promise and take them back so far as others are concerned, but not with me. No matter what you do or say, you're more apt to apologize for it than stand by it. You give your word, your judgment, your decisions—then you take them back. You even took back your engagement ring. And it's a good thing, I guess. Because I won't marry an Indian-Giver!"

Marjorie was standing. Waverly Wiggins held the ring as though it were a thing of horror. He looked at Marjorie and saw her looking straight into his eyes. Her jaws were set. She stood erect and threatening.

If Wiggins had been struck by a trip hammer he could not have been more stunned. A fog that had wrapped his heart and soul in a web of indecision since his birth was lifting. Slowly and faintly was vanishing the cloud that had ever hid his own opinions, his own right to say and do as he felt, his birthright, his manhood and his spunk.

Wiggins drew himself up to his full height. For the first time since Marjorie had known him, he scowled. His fists clinched and quivered with rage. He strode out of the room in four steps, took his hat from the costumer, and left the house.

Through the window Marjorie saw him walk furiously down the street, his fists still clinched, and his face still in a scowl. She wondered who felt the more wretched—she or Waverly.

When McGuire reached his private office next morning he found Waverly Wiggins waiting. The latter arose when McGuire opened the door,

said a plain and distinct "good-morning," and waited until the boss had deposited his hat and cane. Before McGuire had adjusted himself in the official chair, Wiggins was speaking. He was talking not in the manner of Waverly Wiggins, but man to man, straight from the shoulder. McGuire gasped when he heard Wiggins say:

"I'm ready to go on the Texas trip. I've got reservations and leave today at two o'clock, via St. Louis."

"Fine," said McGuire. And then he stopped short, wondering how in the world he could so sacrifice his own judgment and praise Wiggins.

"You're going on the Texas trip?" he repeated, this time with ridicule in his voice. "What the hell can you do in Texas?"

"I can get some increased business for Rational by cultivating the South. You wanted me to go yesterday. I'm going."

McGuire sat back. He reflected for a moment. His study was interrupted by more information from the now impetuous Wiggins.

"I called to say good-bye. I'll keep in close touch with the Home Office."

With that, Wiggins walked over to the boss's desk, grabbed McGuire's right hand and shook it heartily.

The boss merely mumbled good-bye. He was worried mostly that Wiggins might telephone the news to Mrs. McGuire and that the latter might prevent him from going.

"Don't say anything about it to ———" began McGuire.

"She doesn't know anything about it and won't, unless you tell her," replied Wiggins. He walked briskly out of the office, leaving the chief to stare at the desk calendar. It was the thirteenth. Well, thirteen had always been his lucky number!

To make sure that Wiggins had really gone, the boss sent the office boy to report whether Waverly had caught the train. But if McGuire had understood the change that had taken place in Wiggins, he wouldn't have done so. When Waverly Wiggins stepped on the train he was as different from his former self as his former self was different from McGuire's idea of a man. Wiggins was ready to go to battle. As he puffed in silence in the smoker, he wondered what kind of a war record he might have made if he had hated Germany as much as he hated the life he had been leading. Marjorie's words burned in his ears. In fact, their sting was as biting as it had been during the long night just past. He hadn't slept. He had missed eight hours of rest, but what he gained was worth more than any asset he might own. He was determined to be forceful. And he even surprised himself when, that night in the diner, he noticed a lack of attention on the part of one of the waiters.

Practically all others at his table had been served. But at Waverly's place there remained the unappetizing reminder of a hearty meal on the part of a drummer just ahead of him.

"Remove those dishes and bring me a glass of water," he ordered the waiter. This person promised to do so. But several minutes passed and Wiggins' instructions were not carried out. He knew exactly what he was going to say when the food-conveyor approached again. But his remarks were inappropriate when the latter stepped on his foot and passed on without begging pardon.

Wiggins sprang up from his seat, grabbed the waiter by the shoulder and a shocked assortment of travelers heard him say:

"You apologize for that, clear off that table, and get me that water in two minutes, or you'll never carry another dish!"

The amazed waiter hastened to ask forgiveness, brought water and made things spick and span in record time. Waverly inwardly wondered what the rest of the diners thought of his conduct. Personally he didn't care.

He got what he wanted and he had kept his word to himself. He was rather surprised when

a young fellow across the aisle leaned over, presenting a card.

"Congratulations," said the man, who was trying to be friendly. "I've wanted to do something like that all my life. My card."

The solicitous young man held out his hand, which Wiggins grasped very heartily.

"You'd expect that from a Texan, but not from an Easterner," the man said. Then both had a chance to read the cards which had been exchanged. Waverly learned that his friend's name was Horace Spargo and that he was a special writer for the *Dallas Dispatch*.

Afterwards, in the smoker, Wiggins and Spargo had a chance to become acquainted. Wiggins spoke cautiously and briefly of his business mission to the Texas oil fields. Spargo commented at large on the field for development in Texas.

"You're just the kind of a fellow that will make good down there," Spargo said. "It's brains, pep, and stamina. Tell you what I'll do. You stop over in Dallas and I'll run a good story about your project. Let me get your name, now. W. F. Wiggins. H-m-m-m, think we'll have to christen you 'Wild Fire Wiggins.' Of course, if you don't mind."

"No," said Wiggins. "My initials blend pretty well with my disposition, so they've been taken to stand for that." He heard only vaguely what Spargo was saying in his wonder as to how Marjorie would stare if she heard anyone call him "Wild Fire."

Wiggins was surprised later that night to hear Spargo tapping on a portable typewriter. Knocking on the stateroom door in order to call for the return of the fountain pen he had loaned, Waverly was even more surprised to read the opening paragraphs of a story about "Wild Fire Wiggins," the man who came to Texas to sell bread, not to hit oil.

Wiggins stopped in Dallas long enough to see the article in print. He penned a brief footnote and sent his one copy to McGuire, who thought it so good that he ordered it forwarded to Marjorie's home address, accompanied by a note asking her to return to work.

Marjorie replied neither to the letter nor the clipping. She was interested in what reply the Alexander Cornbleth Company would make to her letter asking for a position.

By the time Waverly Wiggins was ready to leave Dallas, he was of a radically different temperament than ever before in his life. As a result of Spargo's story, which told in detail of the easterner who came to battle his way into Texas, he found himself regarded as a man of might—brain—might backed up by physical prowess. It was rather an agreeable sensation, the four days he spent at Hotel Adolphus, while in Dallas. There he found many cliques of oil promoters, shining theatrical lights on tour, and the usual assortment of clothing drummers. He cultivated the brisk step and gave a heave of satisfaction when he heard a bystander say:

"That's the New York fellow they call Wild Fire Wiggins. *Dispatch* gave him a big write-up the other day—said when it came to scrapping, Bat Nelson had nothing on him. He's a live-wire. Don't need a magnifying glass to tell that."

And by the time W. F. Wiggins, as he now signed his name, was ready to step on the train that would take him to Grainger, the heart of the Texas oil fields, he was thoroughly convinced that he had found himself. He felt in his heart that his intuitive misgivings about his judgment and his lack of confidence were a thing of the past. There was a keen delight in his new conquest. He enjoyed the sensation of smoking his cigar, blowing a big blue cloud of smoke toward the ceiling, looking man or woman in the eye and saying "no" or "yes" just as he desired—ready to go to mat, as it were, with anyone who might question him. Moreover, there was a thrill of pleasure in giving instructions. It was true that so far he dealt only with

train porters, bell boys and those paid to serve him. But he noticed the difference in the respect he now commanded.

On the train he picked up a newspaper. He casually scanned the headlines until he noticed a large display given to a speech made by Charles Schwab. One part of the article especially struck his fancy. Over and over he read the lines: "You can have a good time in life, or you can have a successful life; but you can't have both." The idea appealed to him. He decided some day he would have those lines framed and hung in his private office. But a strange feeling assailed him. What would it profit a man? he thought. He caught himself in a reverie, and oddly enough it was the face of a girl he saw.

"Damn!" he muttered, and quickly went back into his trend of business thought. Marjorie was out of his life. She hadn't understood. She didn't want him. He was an Indian-Giver. Wouldn't keep his word. He was glad enough when a fellow traveler engaged him in conversation about building a bridge across the Hudson. It was a topic remote enough to keep other thoughts out of his mind.

He was indeed glad when the train reached Grainger. There, before him, was his seat of operations. To him was dedicated the task of bringing the products of the Rational Food Company to this forest of derricks, this land of overnight millionaires, this garden of flowing gold. In him was charged the responsibility of making good. There would be no dilly-dallying, he vowed. Straight to the point he would go. But how? This settlement with its shrewd contingent of Western business men was not waiting for him. He had barely walked a block from the station when he saw the sign:

ALEXANDER CORNBLETH CAKE COMPANY
"Bread Like Mother Bakes"

The Cornbleth Cake Company, he noticed, had a nice home. A three-story brick building, its smokestacks issuing forth puffs of black smoke, this structure looked the essence of enterprise. He gritted his teeth and walked ahead. He'd get a bite at the hotel first. Then he'd look around and formulate plans.

It was a matter of two hours or so before he set out. Then he walked into the first grocery store at hand and called for the proprietor. A middle-aged man, quite stocky and with hard features, came from around the counter and cast his gaze over Wiggins.

"You can't sell me any oil stock," he said.

Wiggins smiled. "I haven't any to sell you. I want to sell you some bread. Where can we sit down and talk it over?"

"I haven't sat down during business hours since the oil boom started," was the answer. "I guess we can get along all right standin' up. Where is your bread?"

Wiggins swallowed hard. "I represent the Rational Food Company, New York City," he replied. "We're planning to expand our interests. I thought I'd—"

"New York, eh?" mused the grocer. "How long 'd it take ya to get down here, bud?"

"About five days."

"Your bread ought to be nice and fresh time it reaches here."

Wiggins reddened. "My bread could be six weeks old and still be better than any bread you ever buy down here," he answered. "As a matter of fact, I'm going to have a bakery right here in Grainger and I'll have fresh bread twice a day. How does that strike you?"

The grocer lifted his head sharply. The twinkle had left his eye. "You're crazy," he said. "Come here a minute." He led the way to the front sidewalk. "See that building over there?" and he pointed to the bakery Wiggins had noticed as he walked away from the depot. "See that store over there?" and he pointed to another grocery store two blocks away.

"Yes, I see them."

"Well, as long as I'm alive I'll buy bread for

my two stores from that bak'ry. I happen to own what I showed you. You ain't got a chance in Grainger. These people 'll patronize home cookin'. You'll play hell baking bread here every day; you'll play worse than that tryin' to sell it, Sonny," and the man spoke slowly, "it took me thirty years to get where I've got in these oil fields. Don't let anybody else hear you say you're goin' give this town fresh bread every day. They're liable to send you to Terrell."

The grocer walked back into his store. Wiggins sauntered out the door down the street for a block, and then bought a newspaper. "By the way," he asked the boy, "what is Terrell?"

"Terrell, Texas?" asked the boy.

Wiggins nodded.

"It's a town—a small town near Fort Worth."

Wiggins got a more definite idea of Terrell when he asked the hotel clerk.

"Oh," replied that bright young man. "That's where we send the crazy people."

Wiggins' face took on a scowl. It was the kind of scowl Marjorie had seen. He turned sharply for the grocery store. The three blocks passed quickly. He entered the store.

"Lookie here," he shouted to the middle-aged man. He pointed a finger menacingly in the face of that worthy and looked him squarely in the eye. "If you haven't the common decency to treat a fellow-merchant right, I'm going to take it out of your pocket. So they'll send me to Terrell, will they? Well, when they do, I'll eat bread made in my own factory, baked fresh twice a day. But you'll never live to see the day—not if you keep eating the bread you bake."

Wiggins walked out of the store without hearing or saying another word. He didn't know what this breach of diplomacy might cost the Rational Food Company. But he had said what was in his mind and he meant it!

The calendar on McGuire's desk showed the date to be exactly one month from the day upon which Waverly Wiggins had started for Texas. Had it been any other person in the world, we might be able to say that the chief looked at the black "13" with vague and unpleasant forebodings. But not so with the president of the Rational. It had always been his lucky day. He was born on that day; got his first big job years ago on that day; filed his papers of incorporation on that day; met his wife on that day; and had said good-bye to Waverly Wiggins on the thirteenth of the preceding month. So McGuire was unusually brisk as he entered his office on this particular morning. But he hadn't read the telegram that lay before him. Nor had he received a certain telephone call.

The length of the wire first struck his eye. It was easily a hundred words. The fact that it was a night letter and marked "paid" decreased its importance, he felt. Then he tilted back in his big chair and read:

"Drawing on you this day ten thousand Purpose construction moderate equipment plant capable turning out two thousand loaves per day Designed plant myself using excavated strip of ground covered with sheet iron for furnace and baking apparatus Entire plot to be covered with glass along lines of nursery Have option on four Fords for own delivery system Retail price to be ten cents loaf Present price is fifteen Work started five days previous must honor draft Have payroll to meet Will show profit ten days after plant is completed Regards W. F. WIGGINS"

When McGuire had read and re-read the telegram he stared over the top of that slip of paper. He, himself, didn't know his emotions and would not have attempted to describe them. After several seconds, he placed the message in a mahogany desk tray. Then he glanced again at the calendar. A second later he made a notation on the telegram and removed it to the other receptacle on the right-hand side of his desk.

Whether or not Waverly Wiggins had "sold" the boss on the idea is a matter of doubt. McGuire himself didn't know. The fact remained that Wiggins got what he asked for. An hour later when a cashier's report showed that the draft had been honored, the chief wasn't feeling at his best. It was then the telephone rang. Miss Lloyd was on the wire, the operator said.

"Why h-e-l-l-o," cordially greeted McGuire.

"Hello," replied a voice strange to the chief, so strange that he immediately said rather sharply, "Who is this?"

"This is Mrs. Baird," was the answer. "I'm calling for Miss Lloyd. I'm her landlady."

"Mrs. Baird," repeated McGuire. "Oh, yes. Well, how is Miss Lloyd. I've been expecting her to call me. I wrote her a week or so ago. Thought probably she was away on a vacation or taking a rest."

"Marjorie asked me to call you," continued the other voice, "to say that she thanked you for your kindness, but it will be impossible for her to return because—"

"Oh," interrupted McGuire, soothingly, "tell her not to let any little unpleasant incidents stand in the way. Let me talk to her."

"She's not here, Mr. McGuire. She left this morning for Texas. She thinks the climate will do her good. She's going to work for one of the companies down there."

"A bread company?"

"I think so."

"What company?"

"Wait a second, I have her address on the table. Just a second."

McGuire waited. He hated to hold the line for anybody.

"It's care of the Cornbleth Cake Company at Grainger, Texas."

"What's she going to do for them?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," Mr. McGuire. She took all of her files and stuff. I'm going to join her as soon as she can get settled right. I think the change of climate will do us both good. It's all for the best I—"

"Very well, Mrs. er-a, I thank you," concluded McGuire. He placed the receiver on the hook.

That's a ruse, he thought. Marjorie had gone to Texas to be near Wiggins. He had too much faith in the girl to believe that she would deliver baking secrets to a rival company—especially if Wiggins was trying to put across his own proposition. After he thought the matter over he felt relieved. It was for the best so far as the Rational was concerned, he reasoned, to have Marjorie in a position to help Wiggins. The ten thousand he had sent to Texas looked safer now that he knew Marjorie Lloyd had gone down there, even if she had presumably gone on the pretext of working for a rival concern.

McGuire might have known how to bake and sell bread, but he didn't know Marjorie Lloyd. Marjorie had no kind thoughts and no place in her heart for the Rational Food Company. She loved Waverly Wiggins, but her love was not one to be controlled by the eccentric wife of a baker, even if that baker did own limousines. She told herself that over and over again. She firmly believed that she had been insulted and mistreated at the hands of the McGuires. It cut her to the heart that Wiggins hadn't seen it, hadn't seemed to care. If his work (and she had watched it in all its laxities) was more important to him than her love and honor, well—that was a different matter. In fact, the main thing she held against Waverly Wiggins was his business connection, and the fact that he let himself hang to his trifling salaried position rather than fight with words and might for his own self-respect. Barney McGuire was to find out what Marjorie Lloyd thought of him and his food concern. He had a surprise coming to him.

(Waverly gets back his spunk and his sweetheart in the November NATIONAL—a most interesting windup of the story of an Indian giver.) To be continued

After the studio says "okeh"

Samuel Rothafel's Art

In presenting the greatest film features of the day, the Capitol's expert uses musical interpretation and human nature as his text-book

THE average motion-picture fan—perhaps even a surprising percentage of those engaged in that great industry—is wont to consider the progress of the silver screen, insofar as entertainment accomplishments are concerned, as a rather involved and complicated responsibility resting on the shoulders of perhaps Mary Pickford, D. W. Griffith or Ben Turpin. As yet the infant industry is too young for the X-ray. Thus far the public glance doesn't penetrate. It flickers with the flickers or passes with the dime that goes under the wire grating.

However, with the advancement of the art of motion pictures in production, in scenic values, in casting, in direction—in a million other details and essentials—there has also been a marked line of progress in *presentation*. It is herein that the public is apt to miss the true value of the business. It is here that a hard-to-suit movie public is likely to apply the soft focus and lose the clear-cut, distinct appreciation for the work of the man who exhibits pictures.

All of which is rather a roundabout way of getting to the point. To remove the character of this article from the nature of correspondence courses in photoplay writing, be it said that the main mission of the writer is to impress the reader with the fact that the making of motion pictures is not progressing nearly so fast and gratifying as the *presentation* of pictures. And for this almost amazing stride in entertainment value, credit is due to a man who seldom allows his name to command the big-size type that it deserves. His name is S. L. Rothafel, and he is the director of presentation at the Capitol Theatre of New York—the largest, and generally considered the most beautiful motion-picture theatre in the world.

To explain just what Mr. Rothafel does would require volumes. Those publications that devote space exclusively to the business of exhibiting pictures have never as yet exhausted the subject. They are still devoting page upon page of reading matter to outlining the methods pursued by Mr. Rothafel, and they are still as far from the complete details as they were when they started. Perhaps the most easily understood explanation might be made by saying that upon Mr. Rothafel rests the duty of devising and originating the prologues, musical interpretations, proper settings and all the novelties that go to make up the average screen program. The finished performance at the Capitol Theatre bears the finger-prints of S. L. Rothafel, whereas if the same subjects were offered under the sponsorship of untrained hands the effect would be the same as in the days when motion-picture houses felt a little bit guilty for charging a whole five-cent piece

for a performance, even with the ear-splitting ranting of the electric piano thrown in.

To repeat, screen programs are not presented to the managers of movie houses on a silver platter. Film is film. Without proper understanding and dressing, ten thousand feet of celluloid is something short of two miles of film. Appropriate and striking screen presentation is as important to a motion picture program as proper coloring is to a work of art. The portrait designer might have the most remarkable feat-

ures of his subject: position, detail, effect might be striking. And yet, if the hair were colored purple, the eyes green and the teeth black, the composite would be far from effective. This, of course, is the extreme. But to apply the statement to motion-picture presentation, to play "Everybody Shimmies Now" as the musical accompaniment to a death scene would ruin the effect of that part of the picture. This, too, is the extreme. In fact, motion-picture presentation is such an art—and such a specialized art—that it can best be illustrated by extremes, for the shadings are difficult to understand. The tiny effects that produce the slightest effect on the audience are matters of human psychology that are applied to picture presentation after years of study.

Fitting music to carry out the spirit of his picture is perhaps the most characteristic Rothafel idea. A natural musician, he sees music in the same way that he sees pictures—only to the extent which both can effect the human emotions. It is the combination of pictures and music that makes the Rothafel standard of presentation stand out from amongst that of the leaders in this art of the business.

And without doubt the most interesting feature of Mr. Rothafel's work is the consistent manner in which he goes about providing his patrons and programs with fitting screen interpretations in the way of music and prologues week after week. The story of the life of Samuel Rothafel shows that variety of living conditions and circumstances that brings about a complete understanding of human beings and the human mind. He was born of poor parents in Minnesota. He came East at an early age and entered a Brooklyn newspaper office; later he enlisted in the Marine Corps, and fired with the spirit of adventure served with the American troops during the Boxer uprising in China. After receiving promotion, Mr. Rothafel retired from the service with the determination to make his military service and experience to be of value to him in his career. And it is a rather striking fact that during the World War the military prologues and tableaux were declared by press and public to be the height of art and among the most patriotic efforts made in the interests of the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, and the various other war work enterprises.

The motion-picture public first began to know Rothafel when in Forest City, Pennsylvania, he turned a dance hall into a motion-picture house. He displayed an unusual talent in devising appropriate musical scores to accompany his feature pictures. Later in Minneapolis and Milwaukee he converted houses declared to be as quiet as Colonel House

(Continued on page 331)



S. L. ROTHAFEL

Living in a Factory Building

A Glimpse of An Editor's Attic Home

*How a War Home Became a Permanent Abode
Round Tables Where Folks Talk Squarely at Each Other*

Joe Mitchell Chapple

FIVE months of the year overseas and seventeen months in war activities makes my previous life seem like a former existence. There were no plans; but, armed with letters from Washington, I found myself in France, a lone civilian, and then I wondered what I was really there for, as everyone else was in uniform. My passport read "journalistic work"—a vision of visiting all the fronts and meeting some of the generals—getting as close to the dominant personalities of the war—crystallized into a purpose. It was not to satisfy personal idle curiosity, but with the conviction that I would see the war best through knowing something concerning those in command.

One can scarcely think of the Civil War as such without the names of Lincoln, Grant, and Lee coming to mind, and George Washington is associated with almost every review of the Revolution.

When Gen. Charles G. Dawes, of the S. O. S., took me to G. H. Q. (General Headquarters) of General Pershing, I still wondered what I was going to do. It was arranged that I should go to the zone of operations and I began rehearsing with the gas mask, to get it on within six seconds. My first test was forty-two. When I heard the intermittent song of a gas shell three seconds was all that was necessary.

Passing through the gloom of the boulevard in Paris, I found myself with the American troops in the Toule sector. The experiences of those April days in 1918 during the smash at Seicheprey—the first real battle that the Germans had with exclusively American troops—made me think of the scenes at Lexington one hundred and forty-four years ago. It was on the 20th of April, a day that will never be forgotten by the soldiers of the 26th Division, the first to take over an entire sector on the Western front, while the drive at Amiens and Arras continued. These were the darkest days of the war for the Allies.

When I returned home the first time I found the gracious lady of our household had given up the lease on Mayfield Street and moved to the factory building, where the NATIONAL MAGAZINE is printed. She found a corner on the third floor used for storage, with high walls, sturdy beams and factory windows, the view overlooking the harbor of returning ships, and there, like a good skipper's daughter, she decided to locate and watch. There was sun on four sides, and east winds or sociable south winds touched the corner of this plant, so after all you can readily see the grim dust of the factory was removed. When I returned I found this apartment christened our "war home."

There were beaver-board partitions the same as she had seen in the hasty construction of buildings in Washington. There

were my own dearly-beloved books gathered in one large room, where I could touch and fondle them to my heart's content. There was a bedroom, but the giant four-poster looked lost. A kitchen with an electric range, ready for New England culinary triumphs, and the old factory water closet transformed into a bathroom that would do honor to a Biltmore hundred-dollar suite, all sang the song of "home." It was nothing but linoleum and paint—properly planned and managed. There was one large room and our "Round Table," around which had gathered twenty-seven people at one time. It looked like a salon at Versailles. Then the old mirrors from the dressers scattered about made a veritable Hall of Mirrors. The vault was screened, and I found the old melodeon on which I had first played, recalling days of childhood. There was a chance for the "garret" properties once again. There were two pianos in this hall, the old one and the Baby Grand given on our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, both tuned to concert pitch, so we began a piano duet on "Star Spangled Banner." The pictures on the wall were a panorama of every one of our ten homes from the days of the honeymoon. The great Fenestra sash windows were festooned with curtains. It was not dimity, but sturdy khaki stuff, appropriate for our war home.

Here were gathered some of the things that had been stored away in years past, and now they all seemed to fit in just right. Some of the things we felt were so indispensable were reposing quietly in the store room. It all revealed the spirit of the war, for the dominant note was essentials. It seemed like camping out the first few nights when the wind from the seven windows swept thru the spacious rooms like a sleeping porch cyclone. The Victrola was there, the old violin, and the little bits of statuary stowed away seemingly came to life. From the bureau drawers had been brought pieces of cretonne that had been accumulated, and Dutch curtains festooned with lace made it seem like a bride's dream.

The lady insisted on calling it the "Terrace," which suggested Riverside Drive and a bridal couple, but I wanted it called the "Attic," so we compromised by calling it the "Attic-Terrace." Our friends call it the Roof Garden and some the Garret. Housekeeping was no longer drudgery. You just turn on the button and breakfast is ready on the electric range. No smoke, no matches, and I could not even find a match to light my cigar about the blooming house. The rugs we used to think so large and pretentious, in this room seemed to be gathered to gether like a jolly family of ruggies trying to look snug and comfy. In one part of the room the stairway made a projection about two feet high. That was utilized, and all the surplus mattresses and rugs put on until it looks like a Goliath divan, but we use it as a stage. It brought the





Where music, books and "comfy" chairs woo the visitors to forgetfulness of worldly cares and climatic discomfort



On the electric stove many tempting impromptu feasts are prepared, and in the ice chest is always ready a "cold snack"

feeling of camping out, and yet all the comforts and touch of luxury of home—nothing overdone to jar the nerves—just the place I wanted to retreat to from the "trouble corner" in the office. You see, I can slide down the pole like a fireman and go to work at a moment's notice, and instead of being our war home—we now feel it will remain our permanent home.

Friends began to telephone the office and ask "Where are you living now?" "At 952 Dorchester Avenue." "Why, that is the office." "Well, that is where we live," and it took a long time for our dear good Boston friends to understand that we actually lived in the large printing plant of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. Overhead were the sprinklers, and the insurance men said there was no home better protected from fire. Downstairs is the watchman—a sentinel by night. Of course, there were a few mice now and then to make things interesting, but "Ticonderoga," the leopard-spotted cat with a yellow Hun eye, soon dispatched them, and she sleeps on the leopard rug with one eye open, inviting all comers.

Then came the clocks. First we had a clock maker come and train the entire collection, from grandfather's down, to get them all regulated. First came the chimes, with a gentle silver tinkle, reminding me of the bells of France; another with American petuosity rushing to strike the hour; another with ponderous tones, like "Big Ben"; another was grandmother's clock; and the terror of them all, the alarm clock on the kitchen shelf that would insist on exploding at 5GX.

The treasured trophies of these decades of married life were turning up occasionally, but my delight was to get out in the company of all my books at one time. My hobby is books, and the old familiar volumes seemed to tell me to "come over and sit down," especially that set of James Whitcomb Riley autographed. Then Emerson, Macaulay, even Pluto's "Lives" said "Come and have a chapter with me," and I went around and had a sort of reception with the old fellows. The dictionary on the table seemed hurt as I could fancy Webster's chauffeur-coat bound volume saying "It has been a long time since you were here." The old family Bible in its place of honor said, "Why not have a little reminiscence of sacred and holy days of the past," and that was the last thing I looked into on that first night at home.

The factory heating pipes, four abreast around the rooms—what should we do with them? I said gild them, make them like gold. "No," said the lady, "let's paint them white"; so the pipes are arrayed in wedding hues. Somehow I had not noticed it before, but the library had a golden hue, and the only portrait in the room was that of the son "loved long since

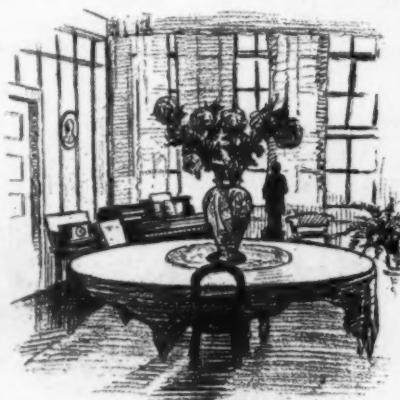
and lost a while." While I am not an artist, there did not seem to be a jarring note in color and blend, and I just said something without deliberation, but with all earnestness as I sat and viewed this home: "Why, dear, you are more to me than ever before, and no man was ever blessed with a more perfect home."

Now as to the Round Table—let's look back. When we first started the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, long years ago, we used to have little meetings, first on Newbury Street, then on Bedford Street. Authors, artists and travelers dropped in, and people that would not meet in the ordinary pursuits of life became friendly. Then when we moved into the new plant, the editorial table was covered with a board circle fastened together and made into a Round Table. From time to time many of the celebrities who happened to be in town would meet here and at a moment's notice friends gathered to give greeting.

Discussions start with the understanding that no reporters are to report, but ladies are always present. The conversation begins going around the table, no one permitted to arise, each one perfectly at ease and surprises himself with his comments and discussions. There is no repression, no conventionality, and things little dreamed of in the ordinary thoughts of life are taken up. For instance, what is the first thing you remember in life? A picture on the wall might inspire this, as it did Morris of the *Christian Science Monitor* in his tribute to Lincoln; or L. K. Liggett in his tribute to dreamers; or E. J. Bliss of Regal Shoe in his comment on organization; or H. D. Foss on the philosophy of making sweets; or Penn, the florist, on flowers; or Charlie Simons of Swift & Co., on the philosophy of how meats and viands on the table are prepared; and Bartram on how perfumes are made. Each one contributes his part to the Round Table, but the dominant note of it all was to emulate the spirit that inspired the knights of old at King Arthur's Round Table.

It was a glimpse of the realm of knowing each other and finding a common purpose and reaching into the era that has now dawned when we have found out that wealth, with all its beauty of homes, colleges, schools and parks is, after all, of little avail unless the soul of something is expressed that transcends and goes beyond anything that merely calls for material comfort and pleasure.

During the war no Round Tables were held. When I returned after the armistice was signed, after viewing all the fronts and spending fifteen days traveling the war-worn roads of Europe in an automobile, and even on one occasion standing on the deck of the sunken ships at the mole near





The famous "round table," about whose perimeter have at odd times been gathered authors, actors, artists, generals, governors, captains of industry—and people



Books! books! books! more books! Wherever you turn you gaze upon books—the world's great wealth of literature and learning is upon the shelves before you

Zeebrugge, with my mind just bulging with sights and scenes of historical interest, I wanted to have a Round Table.

When General C. R. Edwards said that he would come and see the "Attic" and the war home, the hour was fixed for five. The telephone was busy and there was a scurrying to dust up. Windows were washed and desks polished, and the girls came with white aprons that afternoon. Promptly on the dot, followed by the admiring eyes of the throng, came General Edwards. He saluted the flag at the entrance, then visited the plant with all its activities. They cheered as he passed and saluted, and he insisted that all the girls had holes in their cheeks that day, for they had on their best dimples for the occasion, and there is nothing like a uniform to focus the feminine eye.

There was Commander O'Leary sent by Commandant

Rush of the Boston Navy Yard, and the singing began with the refrain of "The Army and Navy Forever." We could not keep hundreds of the people away from trampling the lawn and flower beds outside when it was whispered about that General Edwards was there, for if there is one man who is loved by every soldier of the 26th and mothers of soldiers, his name is Edwards. They climbed the fire escapes and fences for a glimpse of the General.

The "Attic" was ablaze for the occasion, and the "Terrace" too, was coming into its own. After hiking through the plant, we all marched to the third floor, turned to the left, and there in plain view was the familiar old Round Table, with white cloth and flowers, also a little Round Table. They were not quite ready for us, but we sat down. One of the girls sat at the piano and we think Galli-Curci could not sing better than Miss Marcus—and how the old rafters rang with "Long, Long Trail," and the General said, "I would go on a long, long trail to hear singers like that." Down through the plant came the echoes of the songs, and the Victrola was working overtime to keep up. This, mingled with the tooting

of the whistle, gathered the community on the lawn, where they remained for a time in the hope of catching a glimpse of the distinguished guest.

Everybody had a part in that Round Table until I felt delicate about assuming the role of host, but with General

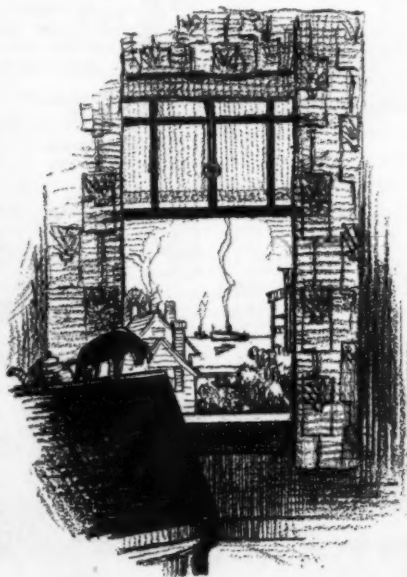
Edwards seated on the right and the naval commander on the left, the proceedings began. If the pages of history could only record the splendid and well-thought-out words of General Edwards that night spoken in the confidence of that Round Table, what a thrilling story could be told; but each eye was intent on the stalwart form of the General as he sat there modestly and quietly, but with eye flashing, with the same light seen on the field of battle—what a privilege! Even between the sips of coffee and the incense of the Blackstone cigars, each

moment seemed to intensify and draw closer together those within the encircled unity of the Round Table. Amazed, to say the least, I heard men who always insisted they never could make a speech, rolling out phrases that would perhaps adorn an address in the United States Senate. They were their own selves—everyone was natural and at ease as everyone should be at such times.

Then that wonderful entertainment provided by Mrs. Lyman with her group of talented children! As the General went into the room and saw them preparing to christen the new stage over the stairway, he said, "Here are some flowers," and the little ones courtesied. How those children sang and danced, just like the flowers of youth. From the little bud of four years to the older ones, do you wonder that the General had to kiss them as they passed by and saluted. There were military songs. The children ranging from four to eighteen, and just delighted in doing their little part in the Round Table. The climax was reached when the General was asked his favorite song. Everybody then reached for "Heart Songs," and he said, "It is the battle hymn of the 26th



Where good digestion waits on appetite, and wit and wisdom season the toothsome viands



Division—"The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and when Miss Marcus sang those verses from first to last there was a rousing chorus that made the very rafters tremble. Outside, two extra policemen were called, as people wanted to know what was going on. As the last verse was sung, "In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea," there was the picture of those children on the stage singing, and the General was doubtless thinking of that beautiful daughter who gave her life for her country. There was present one of the boys who had served under her father and knew of her work with the Red Cross. The tenderness and humanness of it all was irresistible.

The guests came at five and were to go when they pleased, and altho there were other meetings that night, the General insisted on staying and not until late did

he leave. It was twelve before those who gathered after the party to "talk it over" left. Every subject under discussion was vibrant with the spirit of the hour, and there was earnestness and intensity of thought among those who remained for the last words at the Round Table.

The chugging chorus of automobiles in the yard began, and one by one guests whizzed away. After they had all gone and the tables had been cleared and everything set to rights, the clocks were wound for another day. The cat "Ticonderoga" forgot to yawn as she rose to take her place as sentinel in the corridors for the night. Then somehow the watchman down-stairs turned on the Victrola, and we passed into the Land of Nod in the "Terrace" as the refrain of "Perfect Day" came floating upstairs to the land of sweet dreams and happy memories.



WHY PROBATIONERS LOVE JUDGE YOUNG

Continued from page 318

reckless and thoughtless in family matters. The hum-drum, everyday toil was palling on him. Judge Young got him another job away from associates who drank and gambled. Result—today John B. is happy, and although he had the misfortune to lose his wife a short time ago, he is so impressed by the square deal afforded him that he has cheerfully undertaken the added burden of bringing up the young children of his family without a mother. A father's love never before realized has come to the surface and overcome a weak desire for evil associates and drink. Such have been his savings since being placed on probation that he recently purchased a house and lot and is now on the road to respectability and good citizenship. If this man had been sentenced to the "pen," it would have cost the State ten times as much as it has through the probation system. Then, too, with the mother now dead, the children would have become a charge upon the county.

One night not long ago, Judge Young had occasion to call for a taxi in a city near here. After reaching his destination he was surprised when a cheerful voice at his elbow sounded "Hello, Judge," and for the instant was unable to place the man.

"I am one of your probationers," said the taxi driver. "Got my own taxi now, judge, and making good money. No more women, no more cards or booze. Believe me, it's great, and I can only thank you a thousand times for it."

And so one could go on indefinitely and tell of the most excellent results achieved in this work in Westchester County. A word as to the method with which each case is handled. When a man or woman is placed on probation, Officer Decker inspects their records back to the time they went to school. His home visits to the family and friends of the probationer are the greatest of his work and accomplish wonders. Careful analysis of each case follows, there being no set rule for any one kind of case, the cause of the wrong doing is located, if at all possible, and then if not eliminated at least alleviated to the greatest possible extent. From month to month each probationer reports, and generally tells the truth. And if they have gone wrong while on probation, they are not always denied another chance to make good.

One lad, a bit over sixteen, had broken his probation several times. The poor lad hadn't sufficient will power to resist evil companions, and from time to time brought his rather light fingers to play on articles not his own property. Finally, thoroughly discouraged, Officer Decker brought the lad before Judge Young.

"Young man," said the judge, "I am sorry for you. You

have done your best, but simply cannot help yourself. I fear that in the days to come you may commit some graver offense. Yet I do not want to send you to some penal institution." He then committed the boy to a really decent home, where he will have good surroundings and cordial, interested supervision. The judge really looks forward to the lad's release with the feeling that he may yet be able to go straight.

CHALFONTE

**ATLANTIC CITY
N. J.**

Sparkling eyes and color of health; mind cleared, body refreshed—Atlantic City in Winter. Just the tempering breath of the Gulf Stream, invigorating tang of the sea, and clear sunshine.

A canter on the beach, 18 holes of golf, or a pleasant stroll, far as you like, along the world-famous Boardwalk, lined with a thousand fascinating shops and amusements. Then relaxation and rest at—Chalfonte. Hospitable, quiet, home-like. Its guests, interesting, cultivated people, return year after year; for once to Chalfonte, always to Chalfonte.

THE LEEDS COMPANY

American Plan
Always Open

ON THE BEACH AND THE BOARDWALK

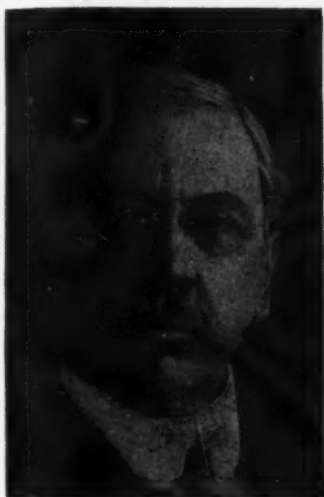
Prohibition, in time, will work wonders for probation, say those connected with the work. Women are the hardest cases to handle, says Officer Decker, especially those of the moron type, who are inveterate liars, who cannot resist the feeling to steal (you might call that kleptomania), and whose sexual instincts are of the lowest order, lax and uncontrollable. But the authorities in Westchester have very few women now on probation.

In 1919, twenty-four cases of grand larceny were put on probation; eighteen abandonment cases; eleven petit larceny; nine juvenile delinquency; eight disorderly persons; seven burglaries and robberies; six forgeries; one other felony. On

January first there were one hundred and eleven people on probation in the county.

Judge Young does not forget his probationers after they have been released. Every manufacturing concern of any size in Westchester, every business house and private employer is in touch with him concerning positions which are open for probationers on the judge's "say so."

So one can readily see how each and every man, woman, and child who comes before Judge Young in the county court on probation learn to love and respect him even above those who are closer to them by blood ties. Truly, the "judge with a heart!"



Songs of Cy Warman

THE SUNDOWN SEA

HAVE you heard of the sundown sea, love,

With its blue and golden skies,
Where the ripples play the livelong day

And the summer never dies?
There is health and wealth for you, love,

There is wealth and health for me,
There is all that's in the golden west
On the shore of the sundown sea.

There's a tear on every thorn, love,
Of the storm-scarred locust; there
Are dripping leaves and icy eaves,
And a wail on the wintry air.
There's a song in the frozen rill, love,

But it's lost to you and me;
There's a muffled cry in the wind-swept sky,
Then away to the sundown sea.

There is frost in your raven hair, love
Your cheeks are thin and pale,
Your dark eye turns and your spirit
years

For a glimpse of the sunset trail.
I will sing a new song to you, love,
And you'll sing a new song to me,
And we'll grow young as we journey
along

On the way to the sundown sea.

How Rich, Red Blood Helps You to Dare and Win

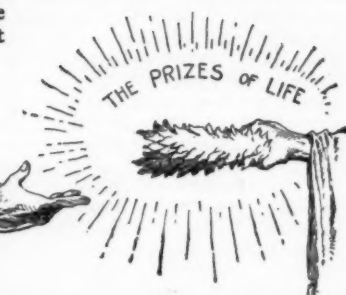
The Man Who Dares to Make the Bold Decisions and Tackle the Big Ventures Is the Man With the Vigor, Energy and Endurance That Come From Red Blood, Rich in Iron—But Lack of Iron in the Blood Makes You Too Sickly and Run-Down to Fight for Success—Feed the Blood with Organic Iron, like Nuxated Iron, Says Physician, to Make Red Blood, Strength and Endurance.

The courage, stamina, health, and strength that bring success in life depend almost entirely upon the condition of the blood. Plenty of iron in the blood helps give you that perfect health and tireless activity which bring the prizes of life within your grasp. But if your blood lacks sufficient iron and is therefore pale, thin and watery, only half nourishing your body and brain, then ill health, nervousness, and a weakened, run-down condition will keep you from fighting a winning battle for wealth and power. If you have ever had an accident and lost a quantity of red blood corpuscles containing the life-sustaining iron, you know how weary, listless and weakened you were until your system had a chance to replenish the supply of iron by building up plenty of new red blood cells. Yet the blood of numberless people today is in much the same condition as after an accident of this kind. As a result of hard work, worry, nervous strain, incorrect food diet and lack of outdoor exercise, their blood has been drained of its strength-giving iron faster than it can be replaced by natural means.

To build up the stamina, strength and endurance to win the big rewards of life, they should aid Nature by putting iron in pre-digested, easily assimilated form—like Nuxated Iron—into the blood.

Pointing out the necessity of keeping the blood rich in iron, Dr. T. Alphonsus Wallace, a physician of many years' experience, and formerly of the British Naval Medical Service, says: "It is the men of blood and iron who will forge ahead in the business

See how this man reaches out to receive the Prizes of Life! Overwork, Failure, Fatigue, Worry and Discouragement have no terrors for him, because he keeps plenty of strength-giving iron in his blood. A Physician tells in the accompanying article how lack of iron in the blood may be remedied by the use of organic iron—like Nuxated Iron.



and political life of the country today. Without iron there can be no strong red-blooded men or healthy rosy-cheeked women, and unless this strength-giving iron is obtained from the foods we eat, it must be supplied in some form that is easily absorbed and assimilated. For this purpose I always recommend organic iron—Nuxated Iron—which I have used so successfully that I am convinced of its effectiveness for helping to build red blood, strength and endurance."

No matter what other tonics or iron remedies you have used without success—if you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength and see how much you have gained. Nuxated Iron will increase the strength, power, and endurance of delicate, nervous, run-down people in two weeks' time, in many instances.

Manufacturers' Note: Nuxated Iron, which is recommended above is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. Each tablet of genuine Nuxated Iron is stamped as follows and the words Nuxated Iron are stamped on each bottle, so that the public may not be led into accepting inferior substitutes. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

NUXATED IRON

For Red Blood, Strength and Endurance

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

RAMBLES in BOOKLAND



By ALLISON OUTRAY

The Story of the Plymouth Colony

WHO that has wandered on a summer day in the byways of old Plymouth has not fancied himself in spirit as a member of that "fearless band" who braved the dangers of an unknown wilderness to lay the foundations of a pure democracy?

The recent impressive Tercentenary observances at Plymouth have turned the thoughts of the whole country to this Massachusetts town from which sprang so many of New England's—and thus America's—traditions. Its landmarks have been the Mecca for sightseeing pilgrims for many years, and almost every bit of the old town has its familiar associations and legends.

Dull indeed of fancy must one be to wander among the quaintly lettered stones on the summit of Burial Hill that mark the final resting places of our Pilgrim forefathers, and not feel his heart stirred to deeper appreciation of the sacrifices that they made and the sufferings that they endured in order that the generations that came after them might enjoy the priceless gift of liberty.

No one knows more thoroughly the history of the early New England colony than Miss Mary Caroline Crawford, who has delved deep into all the sources from which such information may be derived, as witness the half dozen or more books on New England already to her credit.

In her latest volume, "In the Days of the Pilgrim Fathers,"* Miss Crawford has devoted herself to the Plymouth colony, its settlement and early days, its personalities and those events which have so enriched the history of the Anglo-Saxon race in America. She has linked up the past with the present so that, fortified with this book, any visitor to Plymouth will look with clear understanding and a more appreciative eye on its landmarks, and visualize the human element and the background of the Pilgrim life that went into the making of this picturesque old town.

*"In the Days of the Pilgrim Fathers." Little, Brown & Company, Boston. 200 pages, 35 illustrations. \$3.00 net.

New Book of Le Gallienne's Poems

THE Junk-man and Other Poems," which Doubleday, Page & Company, published on September 24, is Richard Le Gallienne's first book to appear since the war, and records the reactions of this distinguished poet to the most brutal of all realities.

In part, the poems are the old Le Gallienne, for they are characterized by the exquisite phrasing, the sheer beauty of imagery and delicacy of expression that have earned him the title of the apostle of beauty. But there is a new element, a deeper sincerity, a warmer sympathy with the actualities of life. There is an echo of sadness perhaps, but certainly a groping after the roots of things.

The volume is divided into eight parts, of which the first is a group of ballades, an old French form in which Le Gallienne finds a perfect vehicle for his imagery. The sixth contains "Charles Frohman," a notable tribute, and the "Ballade Against the Enemies of France."

"Office Management," by Lee Galloway. Ronald Press. A book of necessity to every business concern. Fully descriptive of office routine, departmental organization, and procedure. Price, \$6.00.

An Inspirational Volume

THE present writer has read a great number of "Improving" books, only to come to the conclusion that it is not so much what is in a book that counts, as what the reader gets out of it.

Judged from this standpoint, "You,"* by Irving R. Sellers, is distinctly a worth-while book to read. Indeed, "You" is more than a book; it is a formula—a simple, easy to understand recipe for getting out of life the things you want.

The seeker after contentment will find the way in "You"—and though not written primarily for the financially ambitious, the man or woman to whom money is happiness will find the path in "You."

"You" makes life simple and happy and successful. It is like a powerful searchlight illuminating the path ahead, which most of us tread in darkness.

"You" will bear re-reading, in fact invites it, for the fullest comprehension of the philosophy of living which it sets forth.

*"You." Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York. 275 pages. \$3.00.

Deeds of Little French Heroes Preserved

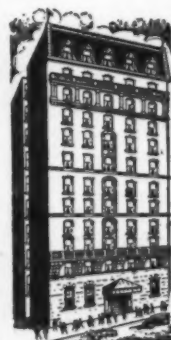
IN "Little Heroes of France," which Doubleday, Page & Company published on September 24, are recorded deeds of courage, of patience, of self sacrifice, of sheer audacity and love of country that will endear these little French heroes and heroines to children of all ages. Kathleen Burke, the author, served during the war in the British Red Cross, and was particularly active in refugee work, so many of the stories of the book came within the bounds of her own experience. All of them are authentic.

Miss Burke's manner is straightforward, for the deeds that she records need no embellishment. The style is so simple that children may read for themselves how little Louise Haumont saved the lives of the French soldiers in a neighboring garrison; how Andre Lange ran away with the army and went out into No Man's Land twenty times with his wheelbarrow to bring back the wounded; or how baby Pierre brought sunshine to a hospital behind the lines.

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without escort.

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principal shops
and churches,
3 to 5 minutes
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2 minutes of all
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Dear Old Songs 10c

Words and Music. Will be mailed direct on receipt of
Thirty-two pages. price and 4c additional for postage.

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One Hundred FOMENTO CUBA-RICOS sent to you C.O.D. parcel post, prepaid, at a NET PRICE of \$8.33.

Every shipment covered by our positive guarantee: smoke five, if not entirely pleased and satisfied, return the remainder at our expense and we will at once send you our check for \$8.33—no charge for the five smoked.

See Bradstreet's as to our financial standing and responsibility.

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Dept. A

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A wealth of personal knowledge in homemaking. Contributed by 20,000 American housewives, who helped each other in suggesting hints about the home. Bound in cloth and gold. Price, \$2.00.

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Ltd., Boston



Samuel Rothafel's

Art

Continued from page 324

into profitable picture theatres, and live centers of amusement.

His triumphs in New York as managing director of the Strand, Rivoli and Rialto theatres are a matter of motion picture history. The Capitol Theatre has received the advantage of all of Mr. Rothafel's past experience and in addition has the honor of introducing his latest achievement in motion picture work—the employment of vocal choruses to give effect to big moments in pictures, or to prepare an audience for the theme and spirit of any given production.

It is a matter of general knowledge that the principles as tested and proved by Mr. Rothafel have been instituted in the majority of the first class theatres of the country.

To see him at work making up his programs indicates the alert and active mind, reflecting his newspaper training for quick decision and the discipline of the soldier.

There is something suggestive of the old Greek dramas in his way of presenting the semi-pantomimes for opening scenes. It seems to make the silver sheet breathe and pulsate with life. Speaking pictures will never be necessary as long as music can be made to carry the story of the play, as the arrangements as selected by Mr. Rothafel bring forth the exact meaning of each scene with music that cannot be misinterpreted. The orchestral triumphs which he has brought to pictures have been supplemented by choral work which gives these operatic efforts dignity and strength.

The Capitol Theatre has already become an institution for New York and with the splendid presentation feature offered by Samuel Rothafel, bids fair to become known throughout the nation as a picture palace that literally *must* be visited by everyone of the millions of American people who take occasion to visit the nation's mecca.

How Will Your Wife Vote?

Continued from page 301

straw vote that even in such doubtful states as California and New Hampshire it conclusively showed which way the political straws would blow. When compared proportionately, with the actual national vote cast in November, the Rexall figures showed a difference of less than one-half of one per cent. There was but one other straw vote conducted in the United States four years ago which showed a similar result, and that conducted by the writer for the New York American and featured by all the Hearst newspapers. Only doubtful states were canvassed in this poll.

Four years ago women voted in but twelve states for the Presidency. This year they will vote in nearly all states, hence the apprehension of the leaders. Four years ago the woman vote totalled 1,950,540, although 4,160,316 were eligible to vote. With the number of states quadrupled this year in which women can vote, it can be readily seen just what an important bearing that vote will have on the general result, for their vote this year means the balance of power in the electoral college.

Why Harding?

Continued from page 296

lived most of his life. Such a tribute of confidence and affection as Marion has paid to her son is seldom paid. By common consent he has been the unpaid counselor for its every venture. His time and his money and his good-will, his own and his neighbors have had at every turn.

You can feel the good it does your skin

THOUSANDS of people know how clean and stimulated—how refreshed they feel after washing with Lifebuoy Soap. They look forward to the thick, bubbling, velvety, Lifebuoy lather as one of the pleasures of their toilet.

This sensation of cleanness and health is the best proof of how much your skin is benefited by the cleansing action of Lifebuoy.

Once wash with it and you, too, will realize that for producing a radiant, healthful skin, Lifebuoy is unique. Get a cake today, at your druggist's, grocer's or department store. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

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Long ago, a friend is reported to have said to him in wrath (because he would not accept a brilliant offer outside): "If you stay in Marion, you will never rise!" And he is reported to have answered that if he could not rise in Marion, then he would not rise. But he could do a good job in Marion, whether he rose or not. "I am not a superman," says Warren Harding, with his pleasant, unassuming smile, "I am just 'folks.'" He is and always has been a modest man.

Ours are times which do not demand so much violent energy of leadership as they do the even keel. There is such a thing as wisdom in compromise. Much, if not most of the trouble in this mad world—or any world—comes from misunderstandings either our own or our ancestors. Even greed, itself, is secondary to this all-pervading cause of disunion among decent folk which prevents them uniting against evil. A man of Warren Harding's mould will be of infinite value under our present conditions. He seems to me the only possibility for any kind of a real, working League of Nations and for any kind of general peace—at least for a breathing time.

Therefore for my country's sake and for the world's sake I shall vote for Warren Harding. We have had enough of appalling waste; we have had enough of inefficiency when inefficiency meant death of brave men and heart-break and loss of treasure to the country; we have had enough of splendid promises, which ended only in squalid and tragic failure; we have had enough bleeding the brains of the nation to appease the greed of false prophets of social justice; we have had enough starving the farmer to gorge the speculator; we have had enough iridescent stupidity and more than enough of graft and loot.

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Detail of Carnegie Library, San Francisco, with Armco American Ingot Iron window grill.

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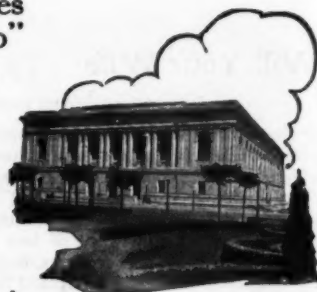
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